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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1876.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several views of the picturesque old German city of Regensburg, or Ratisbon; a sketch entitled "Chinese Itinerant Barbers;" and much interesting reading matter.*

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will also begin shortly in the same Journal.

GOOD SENSE IS GOOD STATESMANSHIP.

IT must be constantly remembered that in this country and under our institutions, whatever may be the political difficulty, there is always a legal and peaceful remedy. Resort to violence is never justifiable, and will never be tolerated by public opinion until there is a trouble which is plainly irremediable. In the present situation, party considerations are impertinent, and every man or journal that magnifies and exaggerates them is a very poor American and a very foolish citizen. The object of every honest and patriotic man, whether Republican or Democrat, should be to reach a solution without straining a fair interpretation of law, or disregarding the just probabilities of the case. It is impossible, without accurate knowledge of the laws of other States, to speak positively upon many of the questions that constantly arise, and the assertions in regard to those laws, made by heated partisans of any side, must be received with extreme caution. Thus in South Carolina very much depends upon the right of the Supreme Court to interfere with the Returning Board. This is a point that can not be settled *a priori*. There must be knowledge. The dogmatic assertion or denial of such a right is evidently determined by party calculation. In any case, it is idle to get hot about it upon insufficient information.

So in regard to the action of Congress at the opening of the electoral votes. Bold asseverations upon the subject are futile. The constitutional provision, in our judgment, presupposes the finality of the State certificate. But Republicans who with us believe this to be the true interpretation can not forget that a Republican Congress took another ground, and authorized throwing out the vote of a State. It is true that the exclusion did not affect the result, but that fact, in turn, does not affect the principle. If it was constitutional to throw out a State vote in 1872, it can not be unconstitutional in 1876. And if those who adopted the rule misread the Constitution then, they must not be dogmatic in their reading now. We say this as an argument for patriotic and not partisan action upon the part of the Republicans at the present session of Congress. They must find some common ground of agreement, some method by which, if objection be made to the reception of a State vote, it may be disposed of finally and without appeal, and by common consent of both parties. If the votes as returned should elect Mr. HAYES, Republican support of a proposition in regard to a question of the vote, evidently fair and practicable, would be sustained by the country.

It is unquestionable that, in the absence of any special provision, the Constitution, as we said last week, remains as our guide. But there is a question as to the meaning of the clause upon this subject. The question seems to us, indeed, an over-refinement. But men of all parties agree that the clause is one of the weak parts of the Constitution. Now, under present circumstances, what is needed is not party success, but a result which shall receive the general acquiescence. It may fairly be supposed that the question will be raised in Congress as to the reception of the Louisiana or Florida vote, and it is not extravagant to suppose further that, under all the circumstances, a majority of twenty or thirty votes in a State like Florida, or a majority obtained by throwing out votes in Louisiana, would be regarded doubtfully and with regret by Republicans. This does not involve, indeed, a question of the perfect rightfulness of the election of a candidate by a majority of even one vote, nor of the power of State electors to certify the result to the President of the Senate, nor of his duty to open the certificates in the presence of the two Houses, nor of their duty to be present when the certificates are opened and the votes counted, nor of the necessity that, in the absence of any legislative provision, the ceremony must be purely ministerial. But it does involve a question of the wisdom of a statesmanship that, plainly foreseeing a difficulty, does not provide for it.

AN "HONEST COUNT."

THERE is universal agreement among all good citizens that a President must not be brought in by fraud. There is also a great deal said about "stealing" the vote of this or that State, and cheating candidates out of their election. The Republicans, as being in the majority upon the Returning Boards in the disputed States, have been accused of contemplating the most flagrant frauds. But are frauds only possible in the counting of the votes? Because one side may declare that all it wishes is an honest count, does it follow that it may not have already stolen the vote? Does any body seriously suppose that Democrats are more fastidious about political cheating and stealing than Republicans? We agree that fraud at the polls or in the count is one of the most fatal perils of the government. We agree that good men of all parties ought to insist that there shall be a free, full, and fair election and an honest canvass. Upon this, honorable Republicans and Democrats do not differ.

Now we ask any honorable Democrat whether he believes that if in any precinct of the State of Louisiana or Mississippi only four or five or six Republican votes are cast at an election where at the previous election there were one or two or three thousand Republican majority, there has been a fair election? We ask him further whether an honest count of the returns of the votes cast would make it a fair and honest election? And we ask him again whether the fraud upon the ballot-box is not equally flagrant however it may have been accomplished, whether by "stuffing," by repeating, by destroying the ballots, or by preventing them from being cast? If there be a poll surrounded by adherents of one party openly threatening with arms any who vote against them, do they or do they not "steal" the vote of that poll? If the same adherents have so terrorized by scourging and bloodshed and harrying their political opponents, have they, again, or have they not, "stolen" the vote? And if the election of a constable or of a Governor or of a President depends upon that poll, has not the party which succeeds by such means cheated the people out of their vote? In the case supposed, would the terrorists not insist upon an "honest count?" Having taken care by illicit means that the returns shall be precisely what they wish, would they not strenuously demand an "honest count?" And yet, under these circumstances, would an "honest count" be any thing more than a mere consummation of fraud?

Republicans can certainly not stand an imputation of fraud upon the election of their candidate. Can the Democrats? If the Republican Returning Board of Louisiana is a suspicious body, is the Democratic White League any less so? If active Republican politicians in the disputed States are scalawags, do not active Democratic politicians refuse to put a stop to assassination and terror which enure to their party advantage? Will any decent Democrat say upon his honor that he believes there was no designed and general intimidation of the colored vote in any of the disputed States for the purpose of securing Democratic success? and if so, will he deny that Mr. TILDEN's election, so obtained, would be tainted with the worst form of fraud? So in South Carolina. The Returning Board is personally as worthy of respect as the Supreme Court. If the Returning Board meant to secure one result "anyhow," the court equally meant to secure another in the same way. The affectation of superior virtue on either side is useless. If trustworthy evidence shows that the election in any State or district was not a free election, then an "honest count" is merely a register of roguery.

GOING BEHIND THE RETURNS.

SOME surprise has been expressed that the Returning Board of any State should have power to go behind the actual returns and to throw out votes under any circumstances whatever. But in the States where such authority was granted, the situation was exceptional. Slavery had been abolished as a result of war and as a condition of reconstruction, and the freedmen were made equal citizens. But they were absolutely dependent. They were entirely ignorant, homeless, landless, without money, or thrift, or habits of industry. Their total enfranchisement was part of the national policy, upon which there has been much difference of opinion. But it was adopted, and we do not now argue the question. The white population among which the new citizens lived comprised the old slave-holding class, or the aristocracy, and the "poor whites," "white trash," "clay-eaters"—a kind of population which has no parallel as a class in this part of the country, and of which there are vivid glimpses in Mr. OLMSTED's invaluable books of Southern travel and experience before the war.

The feeling of the slave-holding class, surrounded by the ruin of the war, the devastation of property, the radical change of the social, political, and industrial situation, humiliated by their utter defeat in the field and by the sudden elevation of the race they had despised to civil and political equality with themselves, it is not difficult to imagine. Nor, could that class but know it, has there ever been wanting the truest sympathy for them among those in this part of the country who had always politically opposed them, and who fought them most bravely in the field. That sympathy still exists, and it is the action of the Southerners themselves which holds Northerners politically arrayed against them. It was, however, evident that under the circumstances in the Southern States the suffrage of the freedman would be either won to the side of the old master class by kindness and the habit of obedience, or organized against it by other influences. The last is what happened. For some time the old master class held aloof, and the Ku-Klux harried the negroes and threw them under the influence of a new class of whites. This situation was largely due to ANDREW JOHNSON, whose administration persuaded the old masters that under Democratic ascendency the negro could soon be reduced to "his place." The master class thus lost the opportunity of gaining the colored voters, and the color line was drawn.

Nothing is plainer than that in such a situation, when the old political class again took an active interest in politics, the colored vote in remote counties of the old Slave States would be exposed to every kind of improper influence—to fear, force, and fraud in every form; and that if the returns were to be conclusive, without power to investigate further and to annul results proved to be due to fraud or force, the new vote would soon be paralyzed or turned improperly to strengthen the old. Such considerations led to the conferring of judicial as well as ministerial functions upon the final Board of Canvassers. And the power is not only as valid as that of counting the votes, but it is as mandatory. If the board is satisfied that there has been fraud or force in any district sufficient to throw the whole return under suspicion, it may throw it out. This is certainly a great power. It gives a dishonest board control of the result. But the wrong is no greater that one body rather than another should have such control. It is obviously better that an official board should exercise such authority rather than that it should be conceded to an irresponsible mob at a local poll. The members of the official boards in the disputed States who are not Democrats are described as rascals by the Democratic papers. But they are probably no more rascals than the Ku-Klux, or those who act in the Ku-Klux spirit. Let those who think that the board in Louisiana, for instance, should not have revisory powers, read the testimony of the negro woman ELIZA PINKSTON, of Ouachita Parish, and then say whether "the face of the return" from a precinct in which such atrocities were practiced ought to be accepted as final. The story is frightful. It describes deeds done by Americans in Louisiana that would have disgraced Turks in Bulgaria. No wonder that ex-Governor PALMER and ex-Senator TRUMBULL, of the Democratic Northern committee, were sickened and appalled, and that Mr. G. W. JULIAN, an old-time abolitionist, but of the same committee, refused to look at the woman's wounds. We believe that these gentlemen will not hesitate to say, in common with all honest and humane Americans, that there ought to be some authority to reject returns made by such means.

BRIGHT EPISODES OF THE ELECTION.

THERE are a great many pleasant and significant details of the late election which have escaped attention in the excitement of the issue in South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida. Among these we should mention as very interesting the circumstances of the election of the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, Mr. ANDREW SHERMAN. He was nominated without any effort of his own, and neither said nor did any thing to advance his own election. He is the editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal*, and attended quietly and strictly to his duties during the campaign. Refusing to seek the nomination or to take the stump, he was yet elected by a larger majority than any other candidate in the State. We have no knowledge of Mr. SHERMAN, but such facts introduce him very agreeably to those who are still of opinion that politics and official life do not require the surrender of self-respect. It was an old and excellent maxim in our politics that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

Another of the significant events of the election was the result of the Congressional contest in the Fourth District of Illinois, to which we referred before the election. This is the district in which Mr. LATHROP planted himself upon the strongest platform of civil service reform, and, we are glad to say, was triumphantly elected. But the reform Republicans of Winnebago County have been pioneers in this work. Six years ago they nominated Mr. LATHROP upon the same general platform, approving Senator TRUMBULL's bill which forbade members of Congress to interfere in appointments; and again in 1872 they nominated Mr. LATHROP upon a declaration of unshaken faith in the reform. This year he was nominated upon the most trenchant platform of reform, drawn, we understand, by himself, and the result is most gratifying. There are five counties in the district, and there were three candidates, Mr. LATHROP, Mr. HURLBUT, and General FARNSWORTH. Mr. LATHROP beat General FARNSWORTH 5111, and Mr. HURLBUT 7265. Mr. LATHROP beat Mr. HURLBUT in every county, including his own home county. Mr. LATHROP beat General FARNSWORTH in his own home town and county. In Winnebago County he beat Mr. HURLBUT 4180, and General FARNSWORTH 3081, and both 2786. Mr. LATHROP's vote was enormous, almost as great as that of both his competitors combined, and his election is a signal and significant victory for the friends of a real reform.

The Republicans of this district have made it the banner district in the country of civil service reform, and they do not sleep upon their triumph. At a meeting of "leading Republican workers" from all parts of the district, held to congratulate Mr. LATHROP just after the election, a motion was adopted heartily and unanimously requesting the members of the General Assembly of the State, and elected in the district, to demand of every candidate for election to the United States Senate adhesion to the LATHROP civil service platform. There is one candidate, however, who will certainly not stand upon that platform, "which his name" is LOGAN.

These are incidents of the election which Republicans may contemplate with the utmost satisfaction and encouragement.

ELIGIBILITY OF ELECTORS.

EVERY voter in the country will certainly soon know all the details of our present electoral system, and all its defects, with the pressing necessity of a prompt and simple method of the final decision. There has been a great deal said of the ineligibility of certain electors in Oregon and Vermont and North Carolina and New Jersey, and of the results of the election of ineligible candidates. We go back to the Constitution, and find that it provides as follows:

> "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector."

It appears that in Oregon a postmaster was chosen an elector. Did that fact, as was claimed, authorize the certificate to be given to the opponent who had not received a majority of the votes, and whom the voters did not mean to elect? The law of Oregon is very careful of the evident intention of the voter, for it provides that in counting votes misspelling and abbreviation are to be disregarded, if it can be ascertained for

whom the votes were intended. It further provides that, after a careful process of verification of the vote, the Governor shall issue a proclamation declaring who have been chosen. The canvass must be made within thirty days after the election.

The "appointment" of an elector is not completed, of course, until every step has been taken. The mere election is not an appointment, for the result of the election can be lawfully known in one manner only, and that is by the canvass and the Governor's proclamation. If, then, when the Governor is ready to issue his proclamation, all the persons who have received a lawful majority of the votes hold no office of trust or profit under the United States, and are otherwise competent, how can he refuse to certify their election, or that of any one of them? If one of them did hold such an office at the time the votes were cast, but has ceased to hold it before the certificate is made, how can the certificate be refused unless the casting of the votes, without further action, is held to be the appointment? The case is like that of a person who should be elected to Congress before he had reached the constitutional age. But if he had attained that age before his election came to be certified, could the certificate be rightfully refused? The intention of the voters is plain. The obstruction disappears before their intention can take effect. Must their will be defeated by the refusal to complete an appointment against which no impediment exists? This is the case of the Oregon postmaster, who resigned upon his election, and before the issue of the certificate.

But even if such an election be held to be void, does it follow that the person who received the next highest number of votes must be held to be elected? This is not a new question. It has been considered and decided both in this country and in England. In England it has been held that votes for a disqualified person are not thrown away, so as to justify the return of a candidate with a less number of votes, and if it should be done, a writ of *quo warranto* would be granted against the person who accepted the office. Judge STRONG, now Mr. Justice STRONG, of the Supreme Bench, held in Pennsylvania ten years ago that "in no case are the votes for disqualified candidates counted as nullities, so as to entitle one who has received a less number of votes to the office." In the State of New York the Court of Appeals decided that an ineligible candidate was not elected, and that there was no election, the office remaining to be filled. In the familiar case of the election of ALBERT GALLATIN to the Senate, when he was found to be disqualified by reason of too brief a residence, the place was not given to his competitor, but the Legislature of Pennsylvania elected another man. The reason is obvious. It is that the will of the voters, fully and honestly expressed, shall not be turned entirely against them merely because of a failure of detail, but that they shall have the opportunity to correct their own error. If the present discussion shall lead to greater precision in the directions of the law, it will be of great service.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN his message upon the trouble arising from the military interference in the Louisiana Legislature in January, 1875, President GRANT said:

"I can conceive of no case not involving rebellion or insurrection where such interference by authority of the general government ought to be permitted or can be justified."

He spoke for every intelligent American citizen, and his words are the emphatic condemnation of such military interference in any State. It is something which must be unequivocally deprecated and condemned by every man who believes in popular government, or who wishes well to blacks and whites. In regard to late events in South Carolina, we accept General RUGER's statement as the only authentic report received at the time that we write. It is as follows:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., *December* 1, 1876.

"*General W. T. Sherman, or the Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:*

"I have carefully abstained from interference with the organization of the House from the first. On the application of the Governor, and my own belief for the necessity therefor, for the preservation of the peace, I placed troops in the State-house, but not in the rooms of assembly of either of the Houses, on the day of meeting. It came about that for a time soldiers were placed on either side of the door of entrance to the Hall of Representatives, under the following circumstances: A person at the door of the House, and who claimed authority to examine the certificates of those claiming to be members prior to their admission to the hall—but who, I think, had no legal authority for so doing—applied to the officer in command of the troops placed in the corridor for the preservation of the peace, for assistance, on the ground that he was being pressed upon and could not perform his duty. The soldiers were placed as stated. As soon as I was fully informed of the circumstances I ordered the soldiers withdrawn, as I had previously informed Governor CHAMBERLAIN that I should confine my action to the preservation of the peace, and should do nothing with reference to keeping the doors of the rooms of meeting of the Houses or the rooms themselves, unless it became necessary because of a breach of the peace which the civil officers of the Houses should be unable to restore. No act was done by the soldiers except that of their presence, as stated; but while they were so present, persons claiming the right of entrance under certificate of the clerk of the Supreme Court were refused admission.

[Signed] "THOMAS H. RUGER, Commanding Department."

The general is clearly correct in his view of his duty. He had no authority whatever to decide upon the validity of the certificates of persons claiming to be members of the Legislature. The law may have declared that only those who hold a certain certificate shall be *prima facie* considered to be members. But the same law makes the Legislature, and only the Legislature, the authority to decide. Still further, it is true that those who have no *prima facie* claim to share in the organization may take part in it and control it. But the law does not authorize any military officer to interfere. His duty begins only when "domestic violence" is attempted. If there be a riot in the hall, he may keep the peace, and with the aid of the national troops if necessary. So, also, if he believes that disorder is likely to arise, or if he sees or knows that preparations for violence have been made, he may make counter-preparations, and be ready to repress it. But the law makes each House of the Legislature the judge both of the election and the qualifications of its own members. Under the law the clerk may make a list of those who have a *prima facie* claim, and refuse to acknowledge any others. If the peace be broken in consequence, the Governor must restore order. But the House must settle its own internal disputes. No doubt there are risks and dangers, but they are such as our system contemplates. Neither the laws nor the spirit of the laws nor of our institutions authorize any military officer or Governor, because trouble may be apprehended, to take the position of dictator. What else was "PRIDE's purge" than precisely such an act as that by which the organization of the South Carolina House was at first alleged to have been determined? And what was PRIDE's purge but an act of revolution? We have no more doubt than Governor CHAMBERLAIN that the ascendency of the Democrats in South Carolina and in the country would be full of peril for the negro and of doubt for the country and Union. But we are still more deeply persuaded that the plain requirements both of the letter and of the spirit of the law must be obeyed; and he would agree with us that the purging of the Legislature by the military hand is more to be deplored than the chances of Democratic administration.

PERSONAL.

MR. RICHARD HENRY DANA celebrated the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birthday on the 15th of November. Mr. DANA commenced his literary career in 1814 as a contributor to the *North American Review*, and soon afterward became its associate editor in connection with EDWARD T. CHANNING, who was Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University from 1819 to 1851. Mr. DANA severed his connection with the *Review* in 1820, and in the following year conducted the *Idle Man*, a periodical, in which appeared his first novel, *Tom Thornton*, and several tales and essays. In the same year, 1821, Mr. DANA contributed to the *New York Review*, then under the editorial care of his friend WILLIAM C. BRYANT, his first poem, "The Dying Raven," and in 1827 produced his most celebrated poem, "The Buccaneer." Since then he has written very little.

—Mr. WILLIAM W. STORY, the American sculptor and poet, has been placed first among the six competitors who have been invited to try their skill again on a statue of BYRON. Mr. STORY is now in his prime—fifty-seven years old—is the son of the late Judge STORY, and though early in life he entered the legal profession, he soon found it uncongenial, and thenceforth devoted himself to sculpture and poetry, in both of which he has won renown.

—Mlle. KATE MORENSI, the well-known American singer, died a short time since at Paris. In noticing this sad event the New York *Herald* pays the following just tribute to her character: "About sixteen years ago Mlle. MORENSI made her first appearance in Italian opera at the Academy of Music with Madame COLSON, and became in a short time one of the most popular contralto artists on the lyric stage. Her voice was of exceptional richness and power, her acting was characterized by high intelligence and dramatic finish, and her beauty of appearance on the stage won the hearts of all. After many triumphs in Italian and English opera in this country, she went to Europe in 1865, and there fulfilled engagements in all the leading opera-houses from London to St. Petersburg. In 1868 she was the leading star at the Royal Opera-house, Madrid. After a short visit to her native country a few seasons later, Mlle. MORENSI returned to Europe. In her death the American lyric stage loses one of its brightest ornaments, and her numerous friends a lady endeared to them by the choicest womanly qualities."

—A year or more since the proprietor of the London *Times* deemed it due to the honor of that journal to discharge from its service Mr. SAMPSON, who for many years had discharged with signal ability the duties of financial editor of that journal. The reason for his dismission was that he had improperly used the columns of the *Times* for the promotion of his private interests. It was given out at the time that Mr. SAMPSON retired a poor man. Such, however, does not prove to be the fact. A few weeks ago he died, and his will, just admitted to probate, shows that he left property worth $300,000. It is a curious but undoubted fact that he starved himself to death. Many stories were afloat about the strange manner of his death, but this is the true one: He had lived for many years with his sister, to whom he was attached to a degree seldom known or read of. She died a few weeks ago, and Mr. SAMPSON refused from that moment to eat any thing whatever, and in spite of all the persuasions and remonstrances of his friends and physicians he persevered in his determination, and so died.

—Judge WESTBROOK, of Ulster County, who does considerable work in this city as one of the judges of the Supreme Court, is a son of a Reformed Dutch clergyman, and an elder in the church of his father. He is a very conscientious, industrious, competent jurist, and held in high esteem by his colleagues and by members of the bar.

—The Marquis of Salisbury, who has gone to represent Great Britain in the Constantinople Conference, is in the very prime of life—forty-six years of age. He was elected a member of the House of Commons when twenty-three, and continued in the House fifteen years, when he succeeded to the marquisate. He has always taken an active part in all public measures which affect the interests of the Established Church and her leading institutions. He is also an extensive contributor to the *Quarterly Review* and to other periodicals. He was first appointed Secretary of State for India in 1866, in Lord DERBY's administration, but resigned in 1867. In 1874 he was re-appointed to the same office, when Mr. DISRAELI returned to power. As a writer, debater, and statesman he is concededly one of the foremost in England.

—The library of Mr. WILLIAM MENZIES, of this city, remarkable alike for the rarity of its works and the beauty of their binding, was notable in another respect, viz., that it brought the largest amount ever realized at the public sale of a private library in this city or in the United States—over $50,000. The next best known, that of Mr. RICE, sold in 1870, brought $42,000. Two remarkable libraries, those of PETER HASTIE and EDWARD H. TRACEY, containing between them over 20,000 volumes, are to be sold together in February or March next, and will probably bring more.

—Mr. CALEB CUSHING will probably not resume his post as United States minister to Spain. His professional services in cases of the highest importance are in great demand; besides, it is just possible that President —— might wish to fill the place with some person who may have been nimble in the late campaign.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT has subscribed $10,000, and Mr. W. W. CORCORAN $5000, in addition to the $25,000 previously subscribed, toward the endowment fund of Washington and Lee University.

—ROBERT RAIKES, the founder of Sunday-schools, is to have a memorial erected to his memory in Gloucester Cathedral, Gloucester being the city where he was born and lived.

—European papers are full of reminiscences of the late Cardinal ANTONELLI. One recalls his *mot* when, on the eve of the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese troops, a well-known agitator threatened him with a riot. "The Roman people," said the radical, "will not shrink from violent measures to win their liberty." "Liberty," said the cardinal; "it is not a conquest; it is a right; only, to exercise it, you have to be the stronger party." The cardinal's heirs are a brother, Count ANGELO, and four nephews. One thing is known, and causes much talk. The large sums brought by the Spanish pilgrims have been invested in various European banks in Cardinal ANTONELLI's name, not in the Pope's. This was the custom always with his Eminence. The amount of these moneys is not as yet known. A curious difficulty might arise in regard to this Spanish Peter-pence—his heirs might claim this vast sum, and carry the matter before the tribunal. The young ANTONELLIS are short, dark, and rather uninteresting young men, apparently of little or no weight or value in the world; but they are strong adherents of the Pope, and are not likely to commit so shabby an act, even with the great temptation.

—Dr. FORBES WINSLOW, who has charge of one of the leading hospitals of London—Charing Cross—says that ten thousand lunatics now under treatment in America are sufferers from spiritualism, and that insanity from this cause increases daily in England.

—Mr. JOSEPH COOPER, secretary of the British Antislavery Society, states that the number of slaves (chiefly women and male harem attendants) still annually stolen away from their African home and dragged to Turkey is about 70,000. These are brought vast distances by land and sea, chiefly up the Red Sea and across the Persian Gulf. But so terrible is the cruelty to which they are subjected on the route, that a competent authority, the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE, has shown that only one slave in five reaches the journey's end. Hence Mr. COOPER states that nearly 300,000 Africans are annually killed or starved on their route to Turkey, Egypt, and Persia.

—Aunt MILLY DODD, undoubtedly one of the oldest persons in the Union, died a few days since at Green Hill, Kentucky. She had records that showed that she was born in the colony of North Carolina on the 17th of April, 1760, and was consequently about one hundred and sixteen years and seven months old when she died.

—The Duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, has a sister of sweet thirty-six, who is about to marry a gentleman two years older than herself.

—Miss FLORENCE SPARKS, daughter of the late historian JARED SPARKS, has just been married, in Cambridge, to Mr. BENJAMIN P. MORE. The venerable Dr. PEABODY performed the ceremony, and Mr. LONGFELLOW witnessed it with poetical comfort.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, who by force of circumstances and the peculiar character of his poetical genius, is much talked of as a poet, is now in his thirty-eighth year, and is the grandson of Sir JOHN SWINBURNE, who died at the age of ninety-eight. Mr. SWINBURNE's father is an admiral in the British service, and his mother is the daughter of an earl. Though by birth he is a thorough aristocrat, he is, like SHELLEY, a radical in theory. In the time of CHARLES the First the SWINBURNES, who were stout royalists, were forced to escape from CROMWELL's rule into France. There the heads of the family died, and there was left only a young son, all traces of whom were for a time lost. After the Restoration the heir of the SWINBURNES was sought long and with infinite pains, and at last was found—a lad whose memories of his childhood were few and fading. But he remembered an old hall, wherein men sat drinking from a silver bowl, which bowl the child watched intently for the sake of the cat's head which rose to sight as the punch decreased. The cat's head was the distinguishing device of the SWINBURNE arms, and this recollection established the boy's identity. The poet takes pleasure in recalling this story of his ancestor, and has an album full of cat pictures. His face strongly resembles that of a cat, and he is very proud of the fact; he is never more pleased than when the resemblance is mentioned. He is a small, slight person, with a disproportionately large head, covered by a bushy mass of auburn hair. His eyes are large, set widely apart, and tawny in color. From the mouth up his face is somewhat like SHELLEY's, but his chin is weak and retreating.

—Mr. NORWOOD, the new United States Senator from Georgia, is the son of a tanner, and forty-six years old. He is said to be one of the most inveterate, aggravating punsters in the South. Such men at Washington are absolutely invaluable. They enliven the dullness of legislative proceedings with a little honest hilarity.

—A letter in *The New Century* says that the memory of Queen VICTORIA is cherished with deep affection in Coburg, Prince ALBERT's old domain. "Ah," said an old peasant woman who lived near the château of Rosenau, "that was a dear woman. She used to come down on foot to see my crippled grandson, and there is a present from her for us all at Christmas-time."

—From a bright sketch of GUSTAVE DORÉ at home, by EDMUND YATES, one of his intimates, it appears that he lives in an elegant house filled with masses of curious and beautiful things, the corners filled with valuable knickknacks, and the walls crowded with treasures. Then there are numberless books, albums, musical instruments, and costly presents from friends and from strangers all over the world. He is a humorist, a conversationalist, and at times a *farceur*. When he has accidentally a friend or two who have dropped in at the studio in the morning, and whom, in his hearty, hospitable way, he has invited to breakfast round the corner at the Moulin Rouge—and where can man make a better breakfast on a summer morning?—and when these are familiar spirits, DORÉ will toss his paint-covered coat aside, throw himself upon his back on a rug, and, before going out, let his pugs and his terriers run over him, and have a rough play with him, while JEAN holds the unpainted coat ready for his master, chiding at the same time any of the dogs that threaten to take advantage of their master's condescension. DORÉ is a musician, and no mean violinist or pianist. In his *salle à manger* is the portrait of his dear friend ROSSINI, given to him by the *maestro*, with a complimentary inscription to the distinguished young amateur. In the great salon, where DORÉ receives the cream of the intellectual society of Paris, and where few celebrated singers of our time have not been heard, he will sometimes play, over the cigars and coffee, after dinner. His elder brother, ERNEST, is a well-known composer; so that music is hardly second to art in the Rue St. Dominique. The central piece of furniture in the Rue Bayard is a piano, at which the painter sits when resting from the fatigue of work. His drink is cold water, and he particularly affects the society of doctors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE new South Carolina Legislature assembled on the 28th ult. The State-house was occupied by United States troops, who prevented the entrance of the Democratic candidates for the Lower House from Edgefield and Laurens counties. Thereupon all the other Democratic members of the House withdrew to a neighboring hall, where they organized by the election of a Speaker and Clerk. After the withdrawal the Republicans also organized, choosing E. W. M. Mackey, colored, as Speaker. The Republican House has 59 members, of whom 54 are negroes.

The Centennial Exhibition buildings at Philadelphia were sold by auction, on the 1st inst., for $296,160. The original cost was $2,500,000.

One hundred buildings were destroyed by fire in New Orleans on the 1st inst. The total loss will probably reach $400,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

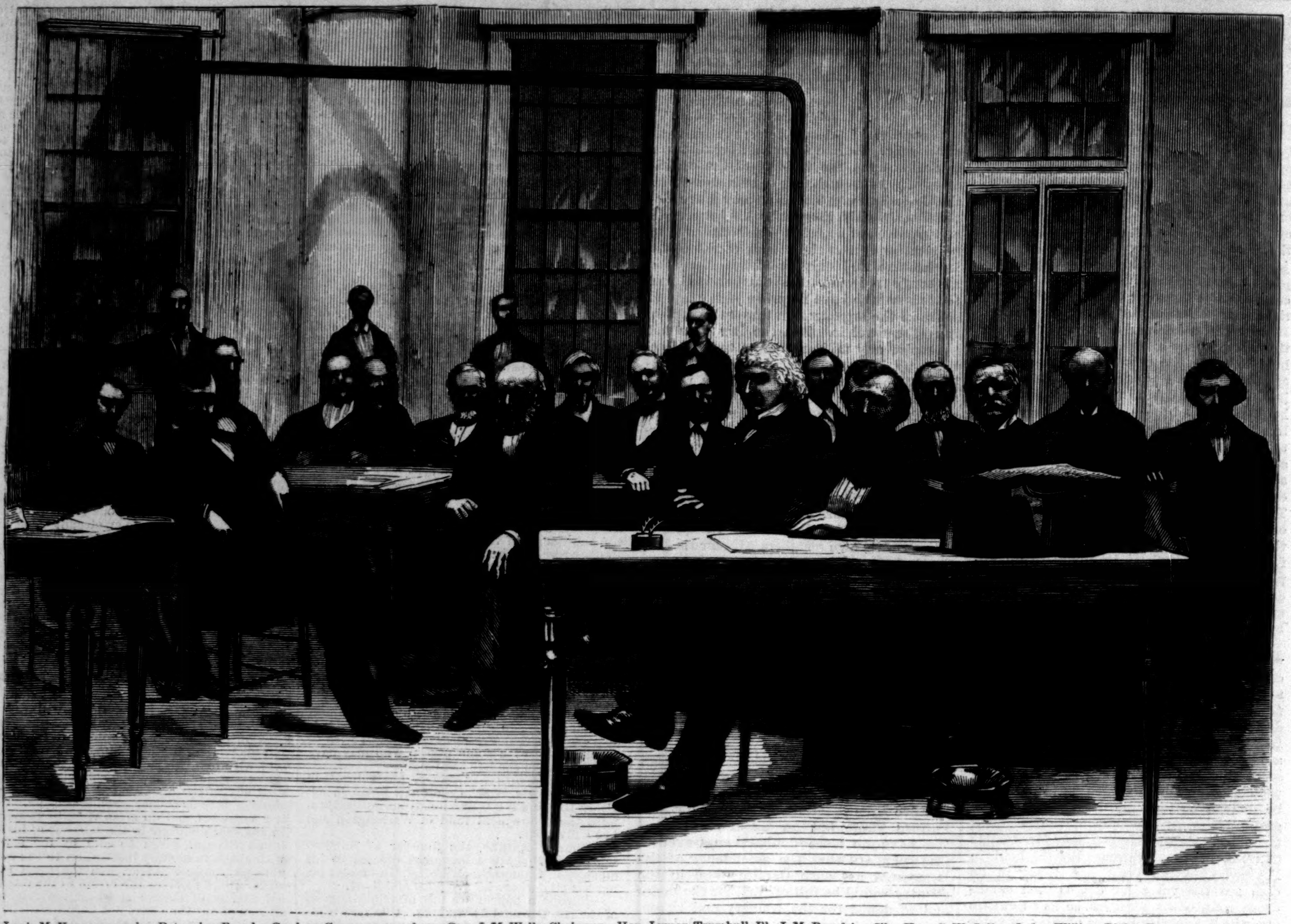
THE committee of the French Assembly on the bill relating to military escorts at the burial of the members of the Legion of Honor have decided against making any compromise.—The Chamber of Deputies, on the 27th, by 263 to 239, rejected a vote, which was supported by M. Dufaure, President of the Council and Minister of Justice and Worship, for an increase of priests' stipends.

There has been a great fire in the city of Jeddo. It was one of the most destructive which has taken place in many years. The foreign settlement was partially destroyed.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says: In a circular dispatch to her embassadors, Russia does not claim the right to alone occupy Turkish territory. She wishes other powers to take part. If they refuse, she will take the execution in her own hands. Russia will ignore the Turkish Constitution. She claims that Turkey has already invalidated the Treaty of Paris by not meeting her obligations to improve the condition of the Christians. This is the general line of policy to be followed. General Ignatieff will have large discretionary powers.

The Moscow *Gazette* says a fund is being raised there for the purchase in America of letters of marque, the vessels to be employed against English merchant shipping in the event of a war between England and Russia. Similar subscriptions have been opened in other Russian towns.

An unauthenticated rumor recently appeared in some of the Continental newspapers that the Russian Mediterranean squadron had been ordered to America. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*, in a letter to that journal under date of November 22, says: "On Monday, November 20, Mr. Boker, the American minister to Russia, was suddenly informed that the Czar desired to see him at Tzarsko-Selo. As it is unusual for diplomatists below the rank of embassador to be admitted to such audiences, every imaginable rumor was circulated as to what passed between the Czar and the American minister. Although the truth has not officially transpired, I believe the Czar's object was simply to beg Mr. Boker to communicate to President Grant the fact of the departure of the Russian Mediterranean squadron for America. There is no doubt that the squadron has sailed, and although the position of a commander of a naval force ordered to seek refuge in foreign ports on the eve of war can not be enviable, it is difficult to see what else Russia could do, as even the Turkish navy alone would be sufficient to dispose of any ships which Russia could bring into action."



Louis M. Kenner, member Returning Board. Gardane Casanave, member Returning Board. Gov. J. M. Wells, Chairman Returning Board. Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Ill. J. M. Beardsley, Ill. Hon. G. W. Julian, Ind. William Bigler, Pa.
Hon. Eugene Hale, Me. Gov. J. M. Palmer, Ill. J. H. Van Allen, N. Y. G. B. Smith, Wis.
Gen. T. C. Anderson, member Returning Board. Hon. C. Parker, N. J. Judge E. W. Stoughton, N. Y.

THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD.—Photographed by W. W. Washburn.—[See Page 1014.]

THE CENTENNIAL—STATE EXHIBITS IN AGRICULTURAL HALL.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 1013.]

Christmas at Thompson Hall.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIME MINISTER," "ORLEY FARM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. BROWN'S SUCCESS.

EVERY one remembers the severity of the Christmas of 187–. I will not designate the year more closely, lest I should enable those who are too curious to investigate the circumstances of this story, and inquire into details which I do not intend to make known. That winter, however, was especially severe, and the cold of the last ten days of December was more felt, I think, in Paris than in any part of England. It may, indeed, be doubted whether there is any town in any country in which thoroughly bad weather is more afflicting than in the French capital. Snow and hail seem to be colder there, and fires certainly are less warm, than in London. And then there is a feeling among visitors to Paris that Paris ought to be gay; that gayety, prettiness, and liveliness are its aims, as money, commerce, and general business are the aims of London, which, with its outside sombre darkness, does often seem to want an excuse for its ugliness. But on this occasion, at this Christmas of 187–, Paris was neither gay, nor pretty, nor lively. You could not walk the streets without being ankle-deep, not in snow, but in snow that had just become slush; and there was falling throughout the day and night of the 23d of December a succession of damp, half-frozen abominations from the sky which made it almost impossible for men and women to go about their business.

"I HAVE LOST MY WAY."

"SHE HAD PUT THE MUSTARD PLASTER ON THE WRONG MAN."

It was at ten o'clock on that evening that an English lady and gentleman arrived at the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevard des Italiens. As I have reasons for concealing the names of this married couple, I will call them Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Now I wish it to be understood that in all the general affairs of life this gentleman and this lady lived happily together, with all the amenities which should bind a husband and a wife. Mrs. Brown was one of a wealthy family, and Mr. Brown, when he married her, had been relieved from the necessity of earning his bread. Nevertheless she had at once yielded to him when he expressed a desire to spend the winters of their life in the south of France; and he, though he was by disposition somewhat idle, and but little prone to the energetic occupations of life, would generally allow himself, at other periods of the year, to be carried hither and thither by her, whose more robust nature delighted in the excitement of traveling. But on this occasion there had been a little difference between them.

Early in December an intimation had reached Mrs. Brown at Pau that on the coming Christmas there was to be a great gathering of all the Thompsons in the Thompson family hall at Stratford-le-Bow, and that she, who had been a Thompson, was desired to join the party with her husband. On this occasion her only sister was desirous of introducing to the family generally a most excellent young man to whom she had recently become engaged. The Thompsons—the real name, however, is in fact concealed—were a numerous and a thriving people. There were uncles and cousins and brothers who had all done well in the world, and who were all likely to do better still. One had lately been returned to Parliament for the Essex Flats, and was at the time of which I am writing a conspicuous member of the gallant Conservative majority. It was partly in triumph at this success that the great Christmas gathering of the Thompsons was to be held, and an opinion had been expressed by the legislator himself that should Mrs. Brown, with her husband, fail to join the family on this happy occasion, she and he would be regarded as being but *fainéant* Thompsons.

Since her marriage, which was an affair now nearly eight years old, Mrs. Brown had never passed a Christmas in England. The desirability of doing so had often been mooted by her. Her very soul craved the festivities of holly and mince-pies. There had ever been meetings of the Thompsons at Thompson Hall, though meetings not so significant, not so important to the family, as this one which was now to be collected. More than once had she expressed a wish to see old Christmas again in the old house among the old faces. But her husband had always pleaded a certain weakness about his throat and chest as a reason for remaining among the delights of Pau. Year after year she had yielded, and now this loud summons had come.

It was not without considerable trouble that she had induced Mr. Brown to come as far as Paris. Most unwillingly had he left Pau; and then, twice on his journey—both at Bordeaux and Tours—he had made an attempt to return. From the first moment he had pleaded his throat, and when at last he had consented to make the journey, he had stipulated for sleeping at those two towns and at Paris. Mrs. Brown, who, with no slightest feeling of fatigue, could have made the journey from Pau to Stratford without stopping, had assented to every thing, so that they might be at Thompson Hall on Christmas-eve. When Mr. Brown uttered his unavailing complaints at the first two towns at which they staid, she did not, perhaps, quite believe all that he said of his own condition. We know how prone the strong are to suspect the weakness of the weak—as the weak are to be disgusted by the strength of the strong. There were, perhaps, a few words between them on the journey, but the result had hitherto been in favor of the lady. She had succeeded in bringing Mr. Brown as far as Paris.

Had the occasion been less important, no doubt she would have yielded. The weather had been bad even when they left Pau, but as they had made their way northward it had become worse and still worse. As they left Tours, Mr. Brown, in a hoarse whisper, had declared his conviction that the journey would kill him. Mrs. Brown, however, had unfortunately noticed half an hour before that he had scolded the waiter on the score of an overcharged franc or two with a loud and clear voice. Had she really believed that there was danger, or even suffering, she would have yielded; but no woman is satisfied in such a matter to be taken in by false pretenses. She observed that he ate a good dinner on his way to Paris, and that he took a small glass of cognac with complete relish, which a man really suffering from bronchitis surely would not do. So she persevered, and brought him into Paris, late in the evening, in the midst of all that slush and snow. Then, as they sat down to supper, she thought that he did speak hoarsely, and her loving feminine heart began to misgive her.

But this now was, at any rate, clear to her—that he could not be worse off by going on to London than he would be should he remain in Paris. If a man is to be ill, he had better be ill in the bosom of his family than at a hotel. What comfort could he have, what relief, in that huge barrack? As for the cruelty of the weather, London could not be worse than Paris, and then she thought she had heard that sea air is good for a sore throat. In that bedroom which had been allotted to them *au quatrième* they could not even get a decent fire. It would in every way be wrong now to forego the great Christmas gathering when nothing could be gained by staying in Paris.

She had perceived that as her husband became

1. Spectacle Case. 2. Lorne Brooch. 3. Highlander's Knife. 4. Bog-oak Tiara. 5. Shamrock Necklace. 6. Snuff Mull. 7. Brooch. 8. Sporran Malloch. 9. Curling Stone. 10. Caper-cailzie Claw. 11. Skene-Dhu. 12. Cross.

THE CENTENNIAL—SCOTCH AND IRISH DECORATIVE CARVING.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1013.]

really ill, he became also more tractable and less disputatious. Immediately after that little glass of cognac he had declared that he would be —— if he would go beyond Paris, and she began to fear that, after all, every thing would have been done in vain. But as they went down to supper between ten and eleven he was more subdued, and merely remarked that his journey would, he was sure, be the death of him. It was half past eleven when they got back to their bedroom, and then he seemed to speak with good sense, and also with much real apprehension. "If I can't get something to relieve me, I know I shall never make my way on," he said. It was intended that they should leave the hotel at half past five the next morning, so as to arrive at Stratford, traveling by the tidal train, at half past seven on Christmas-eve. The early hour, the long journey, the infamous weather, the prospect of that horrid gulf between Boulogne and Folkestone, would have been as nothing to Mrs. Brown had it not been for that settled look of anguish which had now pervaded her husband's face. "If you don't find something to relieve me, I shall never live through it," he said again, sinking back into the questionable comfort of a Parisian hotel arm-chair.

"But, my dear, what can I do?" she asked, almost in tears, standing over him and caressing him. He was a thin, genteel-looking man, with a fine long soft brown beard, a little bald at the top of the head, but certainly a genteel-looking man. She loved him dearly, and in her softer moods was apt to spoil him with her caresses. "What can I do, my dearie? You know I would do any thing if I could. Get into bed, my pet, and be warm, and then to-morrow morning you will be all right." At this moment he was preparing himself for his bed, and she was assisting him. Then she tied a piece of flannel round his throat, and kissed him, and put him in beneath the bedclothes.

"I'll tell you what you can do," he said, very hoarsely. His voice was so bad now that she could hardly hear him. So she crept close to him, and bent over him. She would do any thing if he would only say what. Then he told her what was his plan. Down in the salon he had seen a large jar of mustard standing on a sideboard. As he left the room he had observed that this had not been withdrawn with the other appurtenances of the meal. If she could manage to find her way down there, taking with her a handkerchief folded for the purpose, and if she could then appropriate a part of the contents of that jar, and, returning with her prize, apply it to his throat, he thought that he could get some relief, so that he might be able to leave his bed the next morning at five. "But I am afraid it will be very disagreeable for you to go down all alone at this time of night," he croaked out in a piteous whisper.

"Of course I'll go," said she. "I don't mind going in the least. Nobody will bite me;" and she at once began to fold a clean handkerchief. "I won't be two minutes, my darling; and if there is a grain of mustard in the house, I'll have it on your chest almost immediately." She was a woman not easily cowed, and the journey down into the salon was nothing to her. Before she went she tucked the clothes carefully up to his ears, and then she started.

To run along the first corridor till she came to a flight of stairs was easy enough, and easy enough to descend them. Then there was another corridor and another flight, and a third corridor and a third flight, and she began to think that she was wrong. She found herself in a part of the hotel which she had not hitherto visited, and soon discovered by looking through an open door or two that she had found her way among a set of private sitting-rooms which she had not seen before. Then she tried to make her way back, up the same stairs and through the same passages, so that she might start again. She was beginning to think that she had lost herself altogether, and that she would be able to find neither the salon nor her bedroom, when she happily met the night-porter. She was dressed in a loose white dressing-gown, with a white net over her loose hair, and with white worsted slippers. I ought, perhaps, to have described her personal appearance sooner. She was a large woman, with a commanding bust, thought by some to be handsome, after the manner of Juno. But with strangers there was a certain severity of manner about her—a fortification, as it were, of her virtue against all possible attacks—a declared determination to maintain, at all points, the beautiful character of a British matron, which, much as it had been appreciated at Thompson Hall, had met with some ill-natured criticism among French men and women. At Pau she had been called La Fière Anglaise. The name had reached her own ears and those of her husband. He had been much annoyed, but she had taken it in good part—had, indeed, been somewhat proud of the title—and had endeavored to live up to it. With her husband she could, on occasion, be soft, but she was of opinion that with other men a British matron should be stern. She was now greatly in want of assistance; but, nevertheless, when she met the porter she remembered her character. "I have lost my way wandering through these horrid passages," she said, in her severest tone. This was in answer to some question from him—some question to which her reply was given very slowly. Then when he asked where madame wished to go, she paused, again thinking what destination she would announce. No doubt the man could take her back to her bedroom, but if so, the mustard must be renounced, and with the mustard, as she now feared, all hope of reaching Thompson Hall on Christmas-eve. But she, though she was in many respects a brave woman, did not dare to tell the man that she was prowling about the hotel in order that she might make a midnight raid upon the mustard pot. She paused, therefore, for a moment, that she might collect her thoughts, erecting her head as she did so in her best Juno fashion, till the porter was lost in admiration. Thus she gained time to fabricate a tale. She had, she said, dropped her handkerchief under the supper table; would he show her the way to the salon, in order that she might pick it up? But the porter did more than that, and accompanied her to the room in which she had supped.

Here, of course, there was a prolonged, and, it need hardly be said, a vain search. The good-natured man insisted on emptying an enormous receptacle of soiled table napkins, and on turning them over one by one, in order that the lady's property might be found. The lady stood by unhappy, but still patient, and as the man was stooping to his work, her eye was on the mustard pot. There it was, capable of containing enough to blister the throats of a score of sufferers. She edged off a little toward it while the man was busy, trying to persuade herself that he would surely forgive her if she took the mustard and told him her whole story. But the descent from her Juno bearing would have been so great! She must have owned, not only to the quest for mustard, but also to a fib—and she could not do it. The porter was at last of opinion that madame must have made a mistake, and madame acknowledged that she was afraid it was so.

With a longing, lingering eye, with an eye turned back, oh! so sadly, to the great jar, she left the room, the porter leading the way. She assured him that she would find it by herself, but he would not leave her till he had put her on to the proper passage. The journey seemed to be longer now even than before; but as she ascended the many stairs she swore to herself that she would not even yet be balked of her object. Should her husband want comfort for his poor throat, and the comfort be there within her reach, and he not have it? She counted every stair as she went up, and marked every turn well. She was sure now that she would know the way, and that she could return to the room without fault. She would go back to the salon. Even though the man should encounter her again, she would go boldly forward and seize the remedy which her poor husband so grievously required.

"Ah, yes," she said, when the porter told her that her room, No. 333, was in the corridor which they had then reached, "I know it all now. I am so much obliged. Do not come a step further." He was anxious to accompany her up to the very door, but she stood in the passage, and prevailed. He lingered a while—naturally. Unluckily she had brought no money with her, and could not give him the two-franc piece which he had earned. Nor could she fetch it from her room, feeling that were she to return to her husband without the mustard, no second attempt would be possible. The disappointed man turned on his heel at last, and made his way down the stairs and along the passage. It seemed to her to be almost an eternity while she listened to his still audible footsteps. She had gone on, creeping noiselessly up to the very door of her room, and there she stood, shading the candle in her hand, till she thought that the man must have wandered away into some furthest corner of that endless building. Then she turned once more and retraced her steps.

There was no difficulty now as to the way. She knew it, every stair. At the head of each flight she stood and listened, but not a sound was to be heard, and then she went on again. Her heart beat high with anxious desire to achieve her object, and at the same time with fear. What might have been explained so easily at first would now be as difficult of explanation. At last she was in the great public vestibule, which she was now visiting for the third time, and of which, at her last visit, she had taken the bearings accurately. The door was there—closed, indeed, but it opened easily to the hand. In the hall and on the stairs and along the passages there had been gas, but here there was no light beyond that given by the little taper which she carried. When accompanied by the porter she had not feared the darkness, but now there was something in the obscurity which made her dread to walk the length of the room up to the mustard jar. She paused, and listened, and trembled. Then she thought of the glories of Thompson Hall, of the genial warmth of a British Christmas, of that proud legislator who was her first cousin, and with a rush she made good the distance, and laid her hand upon the copious delf. She looked round, but there was no one there; no sound was heard; not the distant creak of a shoe, not a rattle from one of those thousand doors. As she paused with her fair hand upon the top of the jar, while the other held the white cloth on which the medicinal compound was to be placed, she looked like Lady Macbeth as she listened at Duncan's chamber door.

There was no doubt as to the sufficiency of the contents. The jar was full nearly up to the lips. The mixture was, no doubt, very different from that good wholesome English mustard which your cook makes fresh for you, with a little water, in two minutes. It was impregnated with a sour odor, and was, to English eyes, unwholesome of color. But still it was mustard. She seized the horn spoon, and without further delay spread an ample sufficiency on the folded square of the handkerchief. Then she commenced to hurry her return.

But still there was a difficulty, no thought of which had occurred to her before. The candle occupied one hand, so that she had but the other for the sustenance of her treasure. Had she brought a plate or saucer from the salon, it would have been all well. As it was, she was obliged to keep her eye intent on her right hand, and to proceed very slowly on her return journey. She was surprised to find what an aptitude the thing had to slip from her grasp. But still she progressed slowly, and was careful not to miss a turning. At last she was safe at her chamber door. There it was, No. 333.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BROWN'S FAILURE.

With her eye still fixed upon her burden, she glanced up at the number of the door—333. She had been determined all through not to forget that. Then she turned the latch and crept in. The chamber also was dark after the gas-light on the stairs, but that was so much the better. She herself had put out the two candles on the dressing-table before she had left her husband. As she was closing the door behind her she paused, and could hear that he was sleeping. She was well aware that she had been long absent—quite long enough for a man to fall into slumber who was given that way. She must have been gone, she thought, fully an hour. There had been no end to that turning over of napkins which she had so well known to be altogether vain. She paused at the centre table of the room, still looking at the mustard, which she now delicately dried from off her hand. She had had no idea that it would have been so difficult to carry so light and so small an affair. But there it was, and nothing had been lost. She took some small instrument from the washing-stand, and with the handle collected the flowing fragments into the centre. Then the question occurred to her whether, as her husband was sleeping so sweetly, it would be well to disturb him. She listened again, and felt that the slight murmur of a snore with which her ears were regaled was altogether free from any real malady in the throat. Then it occurred to her that, after all, fatigue perhaps had only made him cross. She bethought herself how, during the whole journey, she had failed to believe in his illness. What meals he had eaten! How thoroughly he had been able to enjoy his full complement of cigars! And then that glass of brandy, against which she had raised her voice slightly in feminine opposition. And now he was sleeping there like an infant, with full, round, perfected, almost sonorous workings of the throat. Who does not know that sound, almost of two rusty bits of iron scratching against each other, which comes from a suffering windpipe? There was no semblance of that here. Why disturb him when he was so thoroughly enjoying that rest which, more certainly than any thing else, would fit him for the fatigue of the morrow's journey?

I think that, after all her labor, she would have left the pungent cataplasm on the table, and have crept gently into bed beside him, had not a thought suddenly struck her of the great injury he had been doing her if he were not really ill. To send her down there, in a strange hotel, wandering among the passages, in the middle of the night, subject to the contumely of any one who might meet her, on a commission which, if it were not sanctified by absolute necessity, would be so thoroughly objectionable! At this moment she hardly did believe that he had ever really been ill. Let him have the cataplasm; if not as a remedy, then as a punishment. It could, at any rate, do him no harm. It was with an idea of avenging rather than of justifying the past labors of the night that she proceeded at once to quick action.

Leaving the candle on the table, so that she might steady her right hand with the left, she hurried stealthily to the bedside. Even though he was behaving badly to her, she would not cause him discomfort by waking him roughly. She would do a wife's duty to him as a British matron should. She would not only put the warm mixture on his neck, but would sit carefully by him for twenty minutes, so that she might relieve him from it when the proper period should have come for removing the counter-irritation from his throat. There would doubtless be some little difficulty in this—in collecting the mustard after it had served her purpose. Had she been at home, surrounded by her own comforts, the application would have been made with some delicate linen bag, through which the pungency of the spice would have penetrated with strength sufficient for the purpose. But the circumstance of the occasion had not admitted this. She had, she felt, done wonders in achieving so much success as this which she had obtained. If there should be any thing disagreeable in the operation, he must submit to it. He had asked for mustard for his throat, and mustard he should have.

As these thoughts passed quickly through her mind, leaning over him in the dark, with her eye fixed on the mixture lest it should slip, she gently raised his flowing beard with her left hand, and with her other inverted rapidly, steadily but very softly fixed the handkerchief on his throat. From the bottom of his chin to the spot at which the collar-bones meeting together form the orifice of the chest, it covered the whole noble expanse. There was barely time for a glance, but never had she been more conscious of the grand proportions of that manly throat. A sweet feeling of pity came upon her, causing her to determine to relieve his sufferings in the shorter space of fifteen minutes. He had been lying on his back, with his lips apart, and as she held back his beard, that and her hand nearly covered the features of his face. But he made no violent effort to free himself from the encounter. He did not even move an arm or a leg. He simply emitted a snore louder than any that had come before. She was aware that it was not his wont to be so loud—that there was generally something more delicate and perhaps more querulous in his nocturnal voice, but then the present circumstances were exceptional. She dropped the beard very softly—and there on the pillow before her lay the face of a stranger. She had put the mustard plaster on the wrong man.

Not Priam wakened in the dead of night, not Dido when first she learned that Æneas had fled, not Othello when he learned that Desdemona had been chaste, not Medea when she became conscious of her slaughtered children, could have been more struck with horror than was this British matron as she stood for a moment gazing with awe on that stranger's bed. One vain, half-completed, snatching grasp she made at the handkerchief, and then drew back her hand. If she were to touch him, would he not wake at once, and find her standing there in his bedroom? And then how could she explain it? By what words could she so quickly make him know the circumstances of that strange occurrence that he should accept it all before he had said a word that might offend her? For a moment she stood all but paralyzed after that faint ineffectual movement of her arm. Then he stirred his head uneasily on the pillow, opened wider his lips, and twice in rapid succession snored louder than before. She started back a couple of paces, and with her body placed between him and the candle, with her face averted, but with her hand still resting on the foot of the bed, she endeavored to think what duty required of her.

She had injured the man. Though she had done it most unwittingly, there could be no doubt but that she had injured him. If for a moment she could be brave, the injury might in truth be little; but how disastrous might be the consequences if she were now in her cowardice to leave him, who could tell? Applied for fifteen or twenty minutes, a mustard plaster may be the salvation of a throat ill at ease; but if left there throughout the night, upon the neck of a strong man, ailing nothing, only too prone in his strength to slumber soundly, how sad, how painful, for aught she knew how dangerous, might be the effects! And surely it was an error which any man with a heart in his bosom might pardon! Judging from what little she had seen of him, she thought that he must have a heart in his bosom. Was it not her duty to wake him, and then quietly to extricate him from the embarrassment which she had brought upon him?

But in doing this what words should she use? How should she wake him? How should she make him understand her goodness, her beneficence, her sense of duty, before he should have jumped from the bed and rushed to the bell, and have summoned all above and all below to the rescue? "Sir, Sir, do not move, do not stir, do not scream. I have put a mustard plaster on your throat, thinking that you were my husband. As yet no harm has been done. Let me take it off, and then hold your peace forever." Where is the man of such native constancy and grace of spirit that, at the first moment of waking with a shock, he could hear these words from the mouth of an unknown woman by his bedside, and at once obey them to the letter? Would he not surely jump from his bed, with that horrid compound falling about him—from which there could be no complete relief unless he would keep his present attitude without a motion. The picture which presented itself to her mind as to his probable conduct was so terrible that she found herself unable to incur the risk.

Then an idea presented itself to her mind. We all know how in a moment quick thoughts will course through the subtle brain. She would find that porter and send him to explain it all. There should be no concealment now. She would tell the story and would bid him to find the necessary aid. Alas! as she told herself that she would do so, she knew well that she was only running from the danger which it was her duty to encounter. Once again she put out her hand as though to return along the bed. Then thrice he snorted louder than before, and moved up his knee uneasily beneath the clothes as though the sharpness of the mustard were already working upon his skin. She watched him for a moment longer, and then, with the candle in her hand, she fled.

Poor human nature! Had he been an old man, even a middle-aged man, she would not have left him to his unmerited sufferings. As it was, though she completely recognized her duty, and knew what justice and goodness demanded of her, she could not do it. But there was still left to her that plan of sending the night-porter to him. It was not till she was out of the room and had gently closed the door behind her that she began to bethink herself how she had made the mistake. With a glance of her eye she looked up, and then saw the number on the door—353. Remarking to herself, with a Briton's natural criticism on things French, that those horrid foreigners do not know how to make their figures, she scudded rather than ran along the corridor, and then down some stairs and along another passage—so that she might not be found in the neighborhood should the poor man in his agony rush rapidly from his bed.

In the confusion of her first escape she hardly ventured to look for her own passage—nor did she in the least know how she had lost her way when she came up stairs with the mustard in her hand. But at the present moment her chief object was the night-porter. She went on descending till she came again to that vestibule, and looking up at the clock saw that it was now past one. It was not yet midnight when she left her husband, but she was not at all astonished at the lapse of time. It seemed to her as though she had passed a night among these miseries. And, oh, what a night! But there was yet much to be done. She must find that porter, and then return to her own suffering husband. Ah! what now should she say to him? If he should really be ill, how should she assuage him? And yet how more than ever necessary was it that they should leave that hotel early in the morning—that they should leave Paris by the very earliest and quickest train that would take them as fugitives from their present dangers! The door of the salon was open, but she had no courage to go in search of a second supply. She would have lacked strength to carry it up the stairs. Where now, oh! where was that man? From the vestibule she made her way into the hall, but every thing seemed to be deserted. Through the glass she could see a light in the court beyond, but she

could not bring herself to endeavor even to open the hall doors.

And now she was very cold—chilled to her very bones. All this had been done at Christmas, and during such severity of weather as had never before been experienced by living Parisians. A feeling of great pity for herself gradually came upon her. What wrong had she done that she should be so grievously punished? Why should she be driven to wander about in this way till her limbs were failing her? And then, so absolutely important as it was that her strength should support her in the morning! The man would not die even though he were left there without aid, to rid himself of the cataplasm as best he might. Was it absolutely necessary that she should disgrace herself?

But she could not even procure the means of disgracing herself, if that telling her story to the night-porter would have been a disgrace. She did not find him, and at last resolved to make her way back to her own room without further quest. She began to think that she had done all that she could do. No man was ever killed by a mustard plaster on his throat. His discomfort at the worst would not be worse than hers had been—or, too probably, than that of her poor husband. So she went back up the stairs and along the passages, and made her way on this occasion to the door of her room without any difficulty. The way was so well known to her that she could not but wonder that she had failed before. But now her hands had been empty, and her eyes had been at her full command. She looked up, and there was the number, very manifest on this occasion—333. She opened the door most gently, thinking that her husband might be sleeping as soundly as that other man had slept, and she crept into the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST FREEDOM.

THE more closely the traits of the recent election are examined, the more distinctly does it appear a most sad and disheartening event for every lover of freedom. That any American should seek to win and hold a high office by means such as those employed by Mr. TILDEN's friends at the South is an ominous circumstance; that he should be upheld in his usurpation of the rights of the people by many men apparently respectable, is still more alarming. Happily we are no longer to be led away by mere names or reputation at the North; we judge for ourselves; we trust only the common test of experience; and in New York experience has shown that our most noted, active, or wealthy citizens are often least to be relied upon to shield us from the assaults of public thieves. Nor can the fact that Mr. TILDEN has secured the services of several persons of this class hide from the people the real nature of that conspiracy against freedom to which he seems to have lent himself in nearly all the Southern States. The contrast, indeed, between the two parties who have contested the control of the Union is one that can bring only sincere satisfaction to those who have advocated the election of Mr. HAYES, for they have carried with them the free suffrages of the great mass of the nation. It is not to universal suffrage that the perils of the moment are due, but to the want of it. It is because hundreds of thousands of voters have been driven from the polls that we are threatened with a disputed election, and an administration sustained in the North by superstition, in the South by murder.

But for the papal priests and ultramontanism, Mr. TILDEN would have lost every Northern State; but for that wide reign of violence and insecurity which has so long prevailed in all the Southern section, he would have been left in an insignificant and appropriate minority. Almost in a solid and imposing body the educated and industrious people of the North and West gave their suffrages for Republicanism and progress, free schools and humanity. No stain of blood rests upon their hands, no foreign superstition blinded them to the interests of freedom. The immense majorities for Republicanism in New England, in the interior of New York State, and the safe stability of Pennsylvania, were answered by the enormous and unequaled free votes in Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota, and by the unbroken unity of the new States and the Pacific coast. Through all this vast region the election was carried on with perfect fairness and good order. No rifle clubs, as at Edgefield District, South Carolina, had scoured the country to intimidate voters, or formed a close circle around the polls, through which an opening for the brave white and colored Republicans was only made by the efforts of a few United States soldiers. No horrible massacre had happened or could happen in Iowa or Nebraska like that of Hamburg. In all the Republican States the people kept ruffians in check. In the Southern, it seems to have been scarcely possible for the Republicans in many districts to vote at all. From one town in Alabama comes a strange picture of the condition of Southern life, and of the utter loss of a free suffrage. The Democratic officials, intoxicated, shameless, ride around the district, threatening violence to white and colored Republicans, and a considerable white population is deprived of its vote. In Kentucky for ten years a reign of violence has continued in many districts, and the State government has in vain striven to secure the lives and property of its citizens. The condition of Mississippi is such that one can scarcely any longer look upon it as a part of the Union. It is in a state of semi-rebellion. Its defiance of all law is notorious. Georgia has long been in a similar condition. That any free election has been held in these States or in Alabama or Texas it is absurd to urge. The right of free voting has been violated at every step; the people have nowhere been allowed to signify their wishes. To compare an election in Georgia with one in Kansas or Nebraska is to mark the difference between a free state and a despotism. In the one, every citizen declares his preferences without molestation; in the other, he is harassed, intimidated, or wholly driven from the polls. The members of Congress who profess to represent Georgia or Mississippi, the candidate who claims his office by the vote of these semi-insurgent districts, are usurpers and intruders, and to suffer them to rule over the free and progressive States of the North and West, where good order prevails and the laws are observed, would be to submit to a total overthrow of all the principles of freedom. We should become the scoff of every enemy of free institutions, the subjects of a dangerous and probably ruinous tyranny.

There is a plain necessity for a rigid inquiry into all the circumstances of the recent election. If the Southern States have shown themselves unfit for self-government by allowing murderers and rioters to elect their officials, by refusing to their people the free exercise of the right of suffrage, no reputable Democrat will desire that they shall ever again control a Presidential canvass. This is the charge made against the Southern leaders, and this is the question to be determined by the action of the whole people. The moment seems favorable for such an inquiry. The Centennial year can not be better employed than in establishing the right of universal suffrage. It is not a party question, it is one that relates to the stability of the government. If Democratic Representatives are apparently elected by an illegal vote in the Southern States, by a denial of the right of voting to a large section of the people, by an actual abrogation of universal suffrage, the whole nation is concerned to see that they shall not be permitted to assume a position they have never won; if they are honestly elected, no one will object to their control. If members of Congress are chosen in Georgia or Mississippi by violence, no reputable Democrat will desire to see them admitted to office; if those elections were fair and orderly, they will meet no opposition from Republicans. But let us not in the Centennial year, full of its patriotic and honored memories, fail in our duty to the Constitution and the people. Let so just and rigid a scrutiny of the disputed districts be made as shall satisfy the humane and patriotic men of both parties. Then, if the Southern leaders, as they fiercely assert, have been unjustly assailed, they will stand unblemished in the eyes of their countrymen. If they are really guilty of the barbarities and acts of violence charged against them in the Edgefield District, in Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, Florida, and even Delaware, they will receive their punishment from the hands of the people.

To Congress belongs the right to determine whether its own members have been fairly chosen. The elections, therefore, in the Southern States will become a proper subject of its inquiry. If necessary, the new Congress may be called together at the close of the present session, and on no subject could it more properly exercise its intelligence and its candor than in a calm judicial inquiry into the validity of the Southern elections. The cries of the oppressed voters at the South, the shocking condition of society said to exist in many of its districts, the intense ignorance of its people, the corruption of its courts, the dishonesty of many of its Legislatures, the general insecurity of life and property, demand the attention of the Representatives of the people; and possibly even the present Congress may be able to give some time from its angry personalities to the high aim of saving a falling republic. For of the danger of the moment every one should have a clear conception. There is no doubt a conspiracy among us to usurp by force the control of the Southern elections, and that class of men who in 1861 rose in rebellion, were beaten, pardoned, began at once new treason, waited their time of action, have nearly reached their aim of seizing the national government. They have repaid the imprudent leniency of the people by gross dishonesty and ingratitude. They have nearly fulfilled the prediction of Mr. STEVENS in 1866, that a general amnesty for the South would soon transfer the government into the hands of traitors. They have won the countenance of noted Democrats at the North to their deeds of blood, have joined with the ultramontanes to betray Protestantism, and are prepared for any desperate adventure. By the aid of the papal priests, they have nearly attained their aim, and the hand of the foreign Church, which has brought bloodshed and ruin to almost every other American republic, has at last reached our own.

The two pressing dangers of the nation, the fanatical intrigues of the papal priesthood and the secret plots of the wild Southern leaders, have now at last been brought into so clear a light, are so well understood, threaten such terrible consequences if unchecked, that no one can any longer overlook or disregard them. It has been too much the habit of the people to look too leniently on the designs of both. At last they are awakened by a terrible shock. They see that a part at least of the Southern people have never ceased to meditate a new insurrection; that they have risen with arms in their hands to seize upon the government; that they are eager for bloodshed, ready for civil war; that the political murders and outrages which have so long ruled over Georgia or Mississippi, these Southern politicians are already anxious to transfer to Washington or New York; that every papal priest is in league with the Southern rebellion. Such is the revelation which the disputed election of 1876 has brought to us. Happily we possess a President whose patriotic decision has already saved the nation in many a perilous moment; we have elected another President who will not deviate from the honorable path of his predecessor. We have a new Congress which, if all the claims of universal suffrage are respected, will be Republican by a large majority. We have the great mass of thoughtful, intelligent people every where rising to save the country from the conspiracy of priests and rebels.

The election of Mr. HAYES and the success of Republican principles will insure the triumph of humanity in the New World. The Democratic atrocities in all the Southern States have too long horrified the public mind. For ten years that unhappy section has been ruled by savages worse than Turkish raiders, by barbarities as shocking and infinitely more numerous than the briefer outrages in Bulgaria. The hour of retribution is at hand. Let the assassins be exterminated in every Southern State, and humanity, justice, knowledge, education, rule in all the limits of the Union.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the men of science whose deaths we have not hitherto reported may be mentioned the following: M. ABEL TRANSON, formerly professor in the Polytechnic School at Paris, in August, 1876. He was the author of numerous memoirs in LIONVILLE's *Journal de Mathématiques*. Professor E. S. SNELL, of Amherst College, for many years professor of mathematics, astronomy, and natural philosophy, September 18, aged seventy-five years. Professor CHARLES DAVIES, formerly of West Point, and author of many elementary text-books on mathematics, September 18, in his seventy-ninth year. He was for many years professor in Columbia College, New York city. R. C. CARRINGTON, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., etc., author of the *Red Hill Catalogue of Circumpolar Stars*, of the *Observations on Solar Spots*, published by the Royal Society, and inventor of novel forms of astronomical instruments. His will leaves £2000 to the Royal Astronomical Society. Lieutenant-Colonel A. STRANGE, F.R.S., etc., for many years inspector of instruments to the Indian government, and honorably connected with the progress of the great Indian trigonometric survey.

The manuscripts of HANSEN have been given by Madame HANSEN to the German Astronomical Society, and they have been carefully examined by WAGNER and SCHEIBNER. Those suitable for publication will be printed, and the rest preserved in the archives of the society.

The Royal Academy of Sciences of Saxony has recently published an important memoir on the perturbations of the major planets, particularly of Jupiter, which was found partially completed among HANSEN's papers. It is accompanied by an explanatory note by Professor SCHEIBNER, who has also edited publications of the Academy, entitled *Dioptric Investigations*, etc. (in continuation of HANSEN's earlier and well-known memoir), and an essay on the determination of the division errors of a divided scale. This latter essay was the last completed work of its distinguished author, and its printing was finished on the day of his death.

Professor GRIMM has been continuing his explorations of the Caspian Sea, where he has had at his disposal a steamer and complete dredging apparatus. An immense amount of animal life was found in depths up to 300 fathoms, among which were many new species of crustaceans, etc. Among the fishes some small ones at a depth of seventy fathoms were as transparent as glass; a black marine species was also found, the *Lucioperca*, a genus the same as that of the wall-eyed pike or pike-perch of the United States. Many of the animals obtained were either found for the first time in the Caspian Sea or are totally new. The most beautiful portion of his collection consisted of species obtained near the Kara-boogas Gulf, at depths of forty to forty-eight fathoms. On the eastern shores of the sea, where the water reaches as high a temperature as 31° C., the animals, as might be expected, occupy deeper zones than on the western shores, where the temperature is less.

Professor GRIMM is still engaged in his explorations, and at last accounts was about proceeding northward, expecting to explore the great depths of the northern parts of the sea. The total number of fishes collected by him in the Caspian was about eighty, of which ten were new to science when first collected by him.

At the meeting of the Association of German Naturalists and Physicists at Hamburg a plan was suggested and adopted for the establishment of botanic-zoological stations on the German coast, and they finally decided that the erection of such stations at Kiel and Heligoland is necessary for the development of German science. The association was requested to memorialize the governments of the several states of the empire to grant aid in the matter, and a commission of well-known gentlemen was appointed to develop the plan and to interview the government on the subject. It is proposed that these establishments shall be on the broadest basis, for the investigation not only of the botany and zoology of the seas referred to, but also of their physics, chemistry, and meteorology.

The unusually high temperatures that prevailed in the United States during the months of June and July were reproduced in Europe during October, where the mean temperature has been from 8° to 10° above the average, both in Great Britain and on the Continent.

The latest advices published of the movements of Dr. MIKLUCHO-MACLAY are to April 12, from on board the schooner *Sea-Bird*, in which he was about visiting the islands of Western Micronesia and the group of little-known islands lying between New Guinea, New Ireland, and New Britain, these being supposed to be the route taken by the Malayo-Polynesian race before spreading over the islands of the Pacific. At the time the letters were written, the *Sea-Bird* was going to the western islands of the Caroline Archipelago.

In the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Astr. Gesell.* for October, 1876, OTTO VON STRUVE makes a proposal to double-star observers to measure during the next two years the components of a number of double-stars selected by STRUVE, and published in his paper. It is well known that some observers have large personal errors, due to the position of the line joining the components of a double-star with reference to the horizontal, and that in nearly every case some systematic error may be *a priori* assumed. STRUVE, as is well known, has every ten years carefully determined his absolute personal errors under different circumstances by measures of artificial double-stars, and this is undoubtedly the best method. As it is one that requires special apparatus and precautions, STRUVE proposes that this list of stars be observed in concert with him, so that different observers, after comparing with STRUVE, may, through his observations of artificial stars, become aware of their *absolute* personal equations. DEMBOWSKI, of Gallarate, WINNECKE, of Strasburg, and HALL, of Washington, have already signified their intention of coöperating in this work.

The telegraph announces the safe return to Gothenburg of Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, his expedition as far as the seventy-first parallel of north latitude on the Yenisei having been a success. He states that the navigation of the river may be considered as practically established, and announces the discovery of a new island, situated at the mouth of the Yenisei, in 73° north latitude. The only misadventure of the expedition was the failure of the botanist, Dr. THEEL, to join the party, he having been detained on account of a misapprehension of the time and place of meeting.

The Kara Sea was found free from ice between September 2 and 7, and Professor NORDENSKJÖLD thinks it is perfectly practicable to maintain trade communication between the different portions of the Kara and the Yenisei.

The death is announced, as having occurred in October last, of Chevalier PERTZ, for many years librarian of the Royal Library, Berlin.

Mr. E. B. KNOBEL, F.R.A.S., has recently published a most important bibliographical work, the result of much labor. It is a reference catalogue of memoirs and papers relating to various subjects of stellar astronomy. The author has attempted to examine all the astronomical periodicals, etc., in the libraries of the Royal and Royal Astronomical societies, etc., and to collect under various heads a brief reference to each paper treating of the subject in question. Mr. KNOBEL has selected the following branches of stellar astronomy for indexing: 1. Double-Stars, including the Mathematical Investigation of the Orbits of Binary Systems. 2. Variable Stars. 3. Red Stars. 4. Nebulæ and Clusters. 5. Proper Motions of Stars. 6. Parallax and Distance of Stars. 7. Star Spectra. Under each of these he has collected the briefest possible references to the titles of the papers relating to it, arranged alphabetically, by periodicals in general, but by authors when the paper is unusually important. For instance, in the first section—Double-Stars—there are about 200 references to observations, etc., in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* alone, and above 500 to various periodicals, making over 700 in all. Each of the subjects is equally full, and the 3000 or 4000 references to papers on the various subjects constitute a veritable index to the whole body of literature concerning these. It will prove a valuable adjunct to the Royal Society catalogue of scientific papers, which is arranged by *authors* alphabetically, while this is arranged by topics, and it is quite rich in references to the older literature of the various subjects, while the Royal Society's catalogue begins in this century in most cases. Similar indexes for the other subjects of practical astronomy, as asteroids, comets, etc., would be of great value.

As might have been expected, Captain CAMERON gives a detailed account to the British Association of his journey through Equatorial Africa, in which he remarked that soon after entering the country from the east coast he came to a large plateau, 4000 feet in height, encircling Lake Tanganyika, and forming the water-shed between the Congo and the streams flowing into Lake Sangora. Another table-land to the south rises to the height of 3000 feet. The water-shed between the two basins of the Lualaba and the Congo is a large, nearly level country, and during the rainy season the floods cover the ground between the two rivers. This system of water-sheds he considered a special feature of Africa, as each system has its own peculiarities, and including those that relate to the people themselves.

After crossing the Nsagara Mountains he entered upon a level open country, where a great quantity of African corn was grown, but where no animal could live except the goat, the tsetse fly being destructive to all others. He next came to Ugogo, an extensive plain, broken by two ranges of hills. Coming to the country of the Uguri, he found a tribe almost identical with the Unyamwesi. The principal streams in this district fall into the Mulgarazi. He considered the Unyamwesi to be the commencement of the basin of the Congo, and the inhabitants of the Malay race.

After passing over the mountains of Komendi, an offshoot of the mountains round the south end of Tanganyika, he came to a fertile land which was surrounded by gigantic mountains. Along Lake Tanganyika he found large masses of coal exposed on the shores. Passing up the lake, he came to the Lugogo, one of the tributaries of the lake, where he became jammed among the floating vegetation, so that it was with difficulty his boat was extricated.

He next reached the Kasongo country; and thence crossing the mountains of Bombara, he arrived at Mamyuemba, where the people were entirely different from any he had previously seen, the houses being built differently, and the people differently armed and dressed. The villages were built along long streets thirty or forty yards wide, and the people were all cannibals. In the northern part of this district he found iron plenty, and large forges at work. Many of the spears and knives made here looked as if finished by a file or polished by some means, although all done by hand forging.

He next reached the Lualaba River, which was there about 1800 yards wide. In continuing his journey he came to a country between Nywangi and Loami where the palm grows in great profusion; and thence passing through Kilemba, he came to Lake Kigongo. He found this covered with floating vegetation, on which the people built their houses, which can be moved from place to place.

Coming to the coast, he found one of the most magnificent countries in the world, having a climate in which Europeans might live, and where the Portuguese have been settled for thirty years.

THE CENTENNIAL—VIEW IN THE BRITISH SECTION OF MEMORIAL HALL.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

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THE CENTENNIAL.

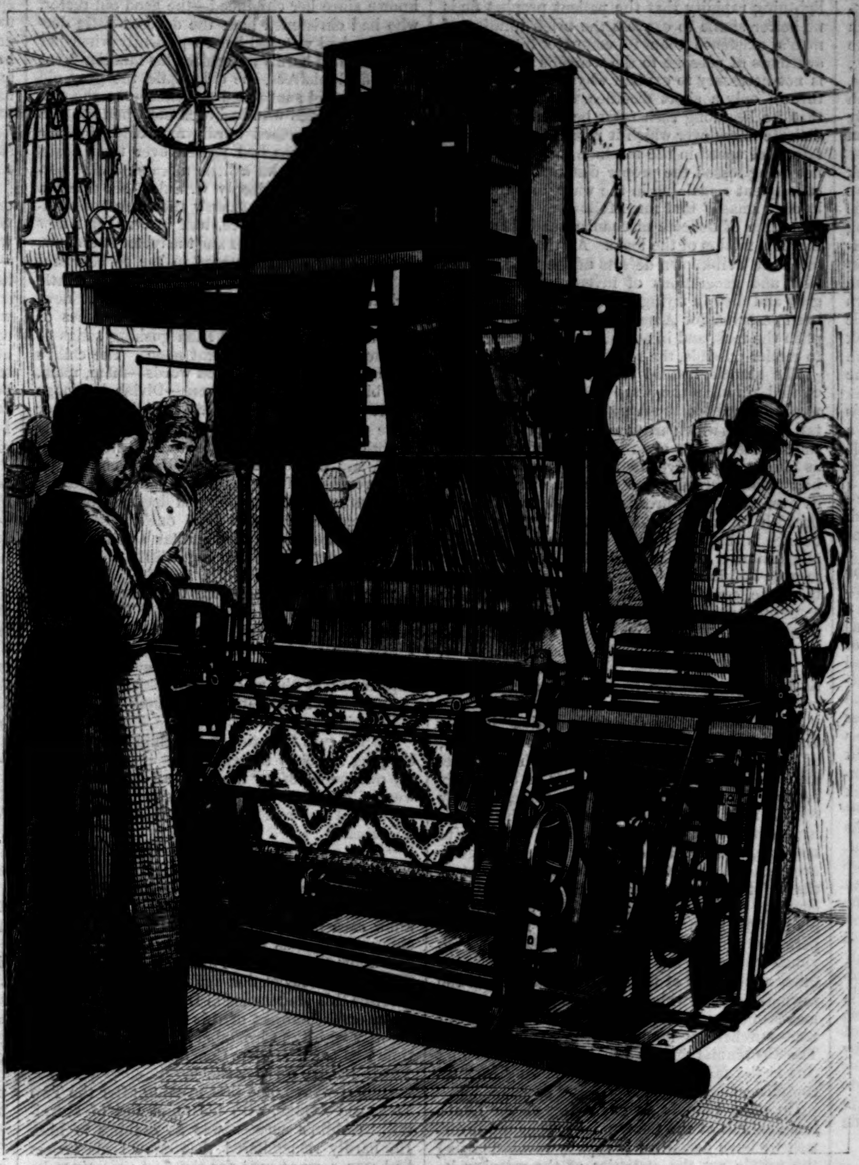
STATE EXHIBITS—AGRICULTURAL HALL.

OUR sketch on page 1008 represents an interesting section in Agricultural Hall devoted to State exhibits, several of which are shown in structures well arranged for effective display. Ohio sent a magnificent collection of fruits and grains, particularly wheat. The California exhibit comprised curious plants peculiar to that State, and a large collection of pine cones, some varieties of which contain a resinous nut used by the Indians of the Pacific slope for food. New Jersey sent a very large collection of fruits, grains, specimens of woods, and some admirable exhibits of seeds, the finest being that of Mr. BURNET LANDRETH. The Delaware exhibit, though occupying less space than that of New Jersey, was quite as varied and complete.

BOG-OAK JEWELRY.

Irish oak has been held in high estimation from the earliest times—so much so that WILLIAM RUFUS selected it to be used in the construction of Westminster Abbey. Large forests of this oak were submerged ages ago, and have lain in the peat-bogs ever since; hence the name of the variety under consideration—bog oak. The wood so named is as black as ebony, but was before its submersion the color of ordinary oak. Its present color has been produced by the action of the salts of iron, which, percolating through the earth, converted the tannin, in which oak is very rich, into ink. Until about thirty years ago Irish bog oak was used only for fuel, but at that time some enterprising Irish artists began to carve jewelry and table ornaments out of it. At first the demand for it was but slight, but in the year 1853, when the first International Exhibition was held in Dublin, the trade received a great impulse, and from that time it steadily developed into an industry of importance. In its infancy the manufacture of bog-oak goods was almost confined to Dublin, and is still extensively carried on in that city; but of late years it has extended to Belfast, where now some of the finest carvings and best gold-mounted goods are manufactured. Those goods have been patronized by her Majesty Queen VICTORIA and other crowned heads of Europe, and from their superior durability and cheapness, as compared to jet, have completely superseded the latter throughout Ireland and wherever else they have been introduced.

On page 1009 we give engravings of specimens of those ornaments, consisting of the Royal Tara Brooch, a shamrock and lyre necklace, Celtic crosses, and a spectacle case, selected from the extensive exhibit in the British section, Main Building, of WILLIAM GIBSON, of Belfast, Ireland.



THE MURKLAND INGRAIN CARPET LOOM.

The Royal Tara Brooch, so named from the fact of its being a fac-simile of that worn by the kings of Ireland, and from the original having been found near the Hill of Tara, illustrates the high class of art and fine culture to which the Irish had attained at a time when the greater portion of the rest of the world was in a state of semi-barbarism. The emblematic decorations with which it is embellished, as also those of the Celtic crosses, clearly demonstrate the fact that the early Irish were Christians. The Irish used various emblems to illustrate the sublime truths of Christianity. Thus the circle round the cross, or a snake forming a circle by catching its tail in its mouth, represented Eternity, being without beginning and without end; and so in like manner did St. PATRICK use the shamrock to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity, it being but one leaf, and yet consisting of three leaflets. Did our space permit, we might multiply instances of this nature almost *ad infinitum*. But to resume our description of the Tara Brooch. It is nearly circular in outline, its margin being broken at intervals by snake-head projections and by the pin which crosses it transversely. The upper segment of the circle, much narrower than the lower, is ornamented with richly carved scroll-work, except in the centre, where an eminence occurs, which is partly concealed by fine gold Celtic interlacing work. In the centre of the lower segment there is an elaborate carving of intertwined snakes, on either side of which are large eminences with similar fine gold adornments to that already described. Between those and the margins other intertwinings of snakes appear, while interspersed throughout this portion of the brooch are smaller eminences representing jewels, some being capped with beautifully chased fine gold. The margins throughout are raised, and in this part of the brooch, as in the pin, are broken by heads of snakes and birds and scroll-work. The pin, for purposes of description, may be divided into a head, stem, and point. The former partakes of the characters of the parts already described, with the addition of a ram's head at the extremity nearest the stem; the stem is ornamented with a diamond-shaped plate of fine gold, and the point is elaborately carved with human heads and scroll-work terminating in a ram's head. The entire pin is represented as crossing and being crossed by the brooch.

The Irish Celts used the Tara Brooch, of which there were different patterns, to fasten their plaids, as the Scotch Highlanders still do, but the particular pattern under notice was that worn only by the kings; hence its name of Royal Tara.

The Celtic crosses in our illustration, like the ancient Irish crosses from which they

THE LYALL POSITIVE MOTION LOOM.

THE CENTENNIAL—IMPROVEMENTS IN WEAVING.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.]

are copied, are carved in panels. Their ornamentation is similar to that of the Tara Brooch, with the addition of a rope border. Their circles are emblematic of eternity; and their mottoes—one, in Greek (A. E. I.), signifies constancy; the other, in Irish (*Aghradh*, pronounced agra), is an Irish term of endearment. The letters are so finely pierced out as to be distinctly recognizable on the reverse side.

Our engraving of the gold-mounted shamrock and lyre necklace needs no description; but we can not conclude without a few words on the spectacle case, which is carved in relief, having on its front the Irish harp, round tower, and wolf-dog, with ivy leaves, shamrocks, and forget-me-nots, and on its back oak leaves and acorns, with the Irish cross inclosed within a wreath of fern leaves. This really beautiful and useful article is attached by means of silver chains to a hook of the same metal cut in the form of an Irish harp, which enables it to be suspended from the belt of the wearer.

Mr. GIBSON displays an endless variety of this jewelry, some of it mounted in gold, as well as a large assortment of very beautifully carved table ornaments.

SCOTCH CARVINGS.

Intermingled with the illustrations of Irish carvings will be found characteristic specimens of Scottish carvings. The dirk, or knife, has a blade twelve inches long, and is worn from the belt on the right-hand side of a Highlander when in full costume. Incased in the scabbard are a knife and fork, the handles of which project as shown in the sketch; the handles are made of buck horn, mounted with richly chased silver, and set with fine cairngorm-stones, the scabbard being ornamented with engraved silver mounts. The Skene-Dhu is a small knife, worn by a Highlander in the stocking on the right leg, and is known as the Highlander's last resort; it has a blade about six inches long, and is mounted in a similar manner to the dirk. The large brooch with block and pearl setting contains the largest and most perfect cairngorm-stone ever found; it weighs over six ounces, is of a remarkably fine color, and is cut like a diamond. The curling-stone paper-weight is made of Aberdeen granite, with a silver handle, and is an exact model of the curling stone used in the game played so extensively in Scotland and Canada. The snuff mull is made of bullock's horn, mounted with richly chased silver, and set with a fine cairngorm-stone on top. The miniature Sporran Malloch, or philibeg, is a model of a Highlander's purse, which is worn in front of the kilt; it is made of chased silver, the tassels being represented by amethysts. The caper-cailzie claw paper-cutter is made of the claw of the caper-cailzie, the blade being engraved silver. The Lorne Brooch is made of chased and engraved silver, and set with fine cairngorm-stones.

THE LYALL POSITIVE MOTION LOOM.

Shortly after the Main Building of the Centennial Exposition was completed, some one, out of curiosity, asked a noted carpet manufacturer, who was viewing the structure, what the cost would be of covering the immense floor space with the finest quality of carpeting. The manufacturer went through a brief calculation, and replied that he would not take a contract to supply the material for less than two dollars per square foot. As this would aggregate a sum actually more than the entire superstructure itself cost, the fact was widely published, in order to show how cheaply the great building had been erected. It so happened that the present writer had occasion to repeat this story to a well-known inventor and manufacturer of textile machinery, who listened quietly, and then, with a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, coolly remarked, "Well, to cover the Main Building would require a big carpet; but if occasion required it, I could weave that carpet in a single loom and in a single piece of a width equal to the length of the building."

Now the Main Building is some 1876 feet in length, and to offer to weave a carpet of that width was something well calculated to provoke considerable astonishment. When, however, the inventor gravely proceeded to say that he could probably make the floor covering either of the finest kind of carpet, or of coarse cocoa-nut matting, or of the cobweb-like filaments of the finest silk, or of the strongest vegetable fibre, or of shoddy so weak that a single yard of the yarn suspended would not sustain its own weight, and all on one and the same loom, the hearer did not hesitate to affirm that his powers of credulity were severely taxed.

Subsequent investigation, however, proved that the statements were not exaggerations, and certainly not without the limits of possibility, and, further, that of this every visitor to the Centennial might easily assure himself. True, the immense machine capable of the remarkable work cited was not on exhibition, nor has it ever been built, but others were displayed which embodied the principle, which might be applied not only to looms as wide as the Main Building is long, but to looms of a width limited only by the exigencies of mechanical construction. As an indication of this possibility, the inventor contented himself with building the largest loom in the world, and placing it in his display in Machinery Hall; and there it has worked, weaving a fabric twenty-four feet in width at the rate of forty yards per ten hours, or completing 320 square yards per day, from the opening to the close of the vast fair.

Simplicity is a characteristic of all great inventions—as witness the placing of an eye in the point of a needle, which, with the simple feed motion, is the "gist" of the sewing-machine—and the feature which secures the possibilities outlined above in the loom is simplicity itself. From time immemorial shuttles carrying the weft have been thrown between the opened threads of the warp—literally hurled bodily, and with such lightning rapidity that the patient prophet finds no better simile to express the brief duration of man's existence than to compare his days in swiftness of passage to the weaver's shuttle. It is not necessary to explain why a shuttle can be thrown only a short distance with accuracy, or that its headlong rush must be injurious to the delicate fibres over which it rubs, or that a slight failure of speed in the machine may result in its not being tossed the proper distance, causing its consequent remaining in the warp, and the inevitable "smash" that must follow, to the destruction alike of delicate mechanism and threads at the next motion of the loom. All these and many more are well-known defects of the "flying shuttle," and generations of inventors have grown gray and died in trying to obviate them. It has been reserved for American ingenuity to accomplish the task, and in so doing also to achieve, or to render possible, the results above noted.

The shuttle, instead of being thrown, is now carried through the warp by devices which it would occupy too much space to describe in detail here, but which are so contrived that although the shuttle travels upon the under warp threads as hitherto, it receives its motion from apparatus below these threads; and yet, as the shuttle passes over them, the threads are not moved a hair-breadth to one side or the other. The consequence is that the shuttle may be carried along any distance, and therefore any length of weft may be laid in the warp. Now it only remains to build the loom in sections, for the sake of easier construction, and to unite said sections in any desired number, and we may construct a machine to weave fabric of any width, and, furthermore, of any material, because the motion of the shuttle is so gentle that it does not injure the finest or weakest filaments.

The inventor of the "positive motion" loom is Mr. JAMES LYALL, of the firm of J. & W. LYALL, of New York city. Not content with his achievement as here described, Mr. LYALL is constantly seeking new applications of its principle. By combining the JACQUARD apparatus with the positive motion shuttle, he has produced a wonderful machine, which weaves corsets with every gore, every gusset, and every welt much nearer perfect than if the articles were made by hand. Five corsets a day was formerly the labor of one workman. The loom weaves eighty-four in the same period of time, in four continuous webs, the individual corsets being afterward cut apart. Another application of the positive shuttle is to the sewing-machine, which is thus enabled to make lock-stitches with double thread at the rate of 2500 stitches per minute when driven by steam. The Centennial judges say in their report that this is the fastest double-thread sewing ever accomplished.

On page 1013 is an engraving of the LYALL loom exhibit at the Centennial. That the invention we have described is rapidly revolutionizing the textile art, the statistics of the weaving industry in this country clearly show. It may fairly be considered as representing the greatest advance in weaving that has been accomplished since the days of CARTWRIGHT and JACQUARD.

INGRAIN CARPET LOOM.

The upper cut on page 1013 gives a view of the ingrain carpet loom, made under WILLIAM MURKLAND'S patents by M. A. FURBUSH & SON, Philadelphia. This loom possesses many advantages. It has ten shuttle-boxes on either end of the lathe, which are carried with it, instead of being thrown. This allows of a much greater speed than the old plan. The loom requires less power to work it than most carpet looms, and takes up much less room. Worked by a good weaver, it will turn off from thirty to thirty-five yards per day of perfect, even carpet, with excellent selvedge, always difficult to obtain with ordinary looms.

THE LOUISIANA RETURNING BOARD.

ON page 1008 we give a sketch of the Returning Board of Louisiana in session. Seated about the table are the members of the board, and eminent members of both political parties whom President GRANT had requested to attend and witness the canvass of the votes.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GILBERT ASKS A QUESTION.

IF Lord Clanyarde had been within easy reach, Gilbert Sinclair would have gone straightway to upbraid him with his treachery in bringing Sir Cyprian to Davenant disguised and in a false name; but Lord Clanyarde, finding himself at fifty years of age entirely unfettered by domestic encumbrances, was indulging his natural frivolity among a more agreeable people than his serious and business-like fellow-countrymen. Lord Clanyarde was eating ices and playing dominoes under the colonnades of Venice, with thoughts of moving to Tyrolean mountains when the weather grew too warm in the fair sea-girt city.

So Gilbert, not being able to get at Lord Clanyarde, nursed his wrath to keep it warm, and went straight home to Davenant Park, where Constance was leading her calm and happy life, seeing hardly any thing of what the world calls "society," but surrounded by the people she had known since her childhood—the good old rector, who had christened her; the devoted little doctor, who had watched her so patiently when her dull eyes had hardly recognized his familiar face; the school-mistress, the old pupils, the gray old gardeners and sunburned gamekeepers; the gaffers and goodies who had been old when she was a baby, and seemed hardly any older for the twenty years that had passed over their heads since then. Cheeks a little more shriveled perhaps, brows more deeply wrinkled, shoulders a trifle more bent, but exactly the same appreciation of tea and tobacco, half crowns and new neckerchiefs, the Psalms and the rector's sermons.

Never had spring seemed to her so beautiful as it seemed this year, when she led her little girl through the woods and showed her the newly awakened flowers, and told her the names of the birds that poured out such gushing songs of gladness in the warm bright noon. The child's lips began to shape isolated words—mam, mam, and birdie, fowers for flowers—Divine language to the mother's ear. Never was child happier or more fondly loved. Martha Briggs, nothing doubting, hugged this little waif to her honest heart, and even Melanie, who had a curious inward revulsion from the child, had to pretend a most enthusiastic devotion and deepest gratitude to Providence for the little one's restoration. Once, inspired by some familiar spirit of evil, she could not resist dropping a little poison into her mistress's cup of joy.

"Do you feel quite sure there has been no mistake, ma'am?" she asked. "I sometimes fancy our darling could not have been saved. I saw her carried away by the current, carried past me like a straw, and it has never been quite explained how she was rescued."

Constance looked at her with eyes on fire with indignation.

"Am I sure that this is my child?" she cried, clasping the baby to her breast. "Am I sure of my own name, of my life? If all the rest of life were a dream or a shadow, I should know that Christabel was real and true. Who can deceive a mother?"

"You were so ill when the little girl was brought home," suggested Melanie, with an air of conscientious doubt.

"Not too ill to remember my Christabel. We knew each other, did we not, darling? Our lips clung together as if we had never been parted. Not know my own child, indeed! Never dare to make such a suggestion again, Melanie."

After this Mademoiselle Duport was discreetly silent on the subject of this present Christabel's identity with the Christabel of the past; but the time was to come when Constance Sinclair's faith was to receive a ruder shock.

Gilbert went home that evening after the Two Thousand savage, with his mind full of scorpions. Goblin's success was as nothing to him. He hardly remembered that one of his horses had won a great race for the first time since he had kept horses. He had counted on James Wyatt's fidelity just as he had counted on his horse or his dog, a creature bought with his money, fed and housed by him. Wyatt had profited by him; Wyatt was bound to stand by him; and as to those various slights which he had put upon his confidential adviser at divers times, almost unconsciously, it had never occurred to him that there could be any galling wound left by such small stings, the venom whereof was to react upon himself.

If he had heaped favors upon the man, if he had been the most unselfish and devoted of friends, he could not have felt James Wyatt's treachery more keenly. He was angry with himself for having been so easy a dupe, for having given any man power to get the better of him.

"The whole thing is a planned revenge," he thought. "Wyatt knew how it would gall me to see Sir Cyprian back at Davenant."

And Wyatt had flung a fire-brand into that revelation about the pretended German doctor. Could it be, Gilbert asked himself, or was it a malicious invention of Wyatt's? Would Lord Clanyarde have lent himself to such a deception? Even Lord Clanyarde might have been hoodwinked by his daughter's lover.

"I won't accuse her, not yet awhile," he said to himself. "It will be better to keep quiet and watch. I have been too often away. I have given her too much license. That innocent face of hers would deceive Satan himself. And I have allowed myself to think that there was no guile in her; that although she has never loved me, she has never wronged me. Hard to find, after all, that I have judged her too leniently."

It was after midnight when Mr. Sinclair arrived at Davenant, and he had to ring up one of the servants to let him in, his return being altogether unlooked for. He did not see Constance until the next day, and by this time had regained the mastery of himself. The position of affairs between husband and wife since Mrs. Sinclair's recovery had been a kind of armed neutrality. Gilbert had never alluded to that awful day on which he had raised his hand against his wife, nor had Constance. Doubtful whether she remembered that unhappy occurrence, and deeply ashamed of the brutality into which passion had betrayed him, Mr. Sinclair wisely kept his own counsel. To apologize might be to make a revelation. His remorse showed itself by increased civility to his wife, and a new deference to her feelings, for which she was duly grateful. Gentle, submissive always, she gave her husband no cause of offense, save that one rankling sore which had begun to gall him directly the triumphant sense of possession had lost its power to satisfy—the consciousness that he had never won her heart. This smouldering fire needed but a spark of jealousy to raise a fatal flame.

Constance expressed herself much pleased at Goblin's success, when Gilbert announced the fact, with very little elation, on the day after the race. They were dining together *tête-à-tête* in the spacious paneled room, which seemed so much too big for them. These ceremonious late dinners were Constance's aversion. In her husband's absence she dined early with Christabel, and spent the long afternoons walking or driving, and came home at twilight to a social tea party with Martha Briggs and baby.

"I didn't think you cared about race-horses," said Gilbert, as if doubting the sincerity of his wife's congratulations.

"Not in the abstract; they are such far-off creatures. One never gets on intimate terms with them. They are like the strange animals which the Emperor Commodus brought to Rome—articles of luxury. But I am very glad your horse has won, Gilbert, on your account."

"Yes, it's a great triumph for me. If I can win the Derby I shall be satisfied. Racing is confoundedly expensive, and I've had quite enough of it. I think I shall sell Goblin and the whole stud after Epsom, and the new stables into the bargain, and then I shall improve that great barrack of a place in the north, and settle down. I'm sick of this part of the world. It's too d——d civilized," added Mr. Sinclair, forcibly.

"Do you mean that you would leave Davenant?" asked Constance, with astonishment.

"Yes. I ought to have told you, by-the-way—Davenant ceases to be mine after Midsummer-day. I've sold it."

"Sold Davenant!"

"Yes. I have never really cared for the place, and I had a good offer for it while you were ill. Things were not looking very well in the north just then, and I was in want of money. I dare say you'll be pleased when you hear who is the purchaser," added Gilbert, with an uncomfortable smile.

Constance seemed hardly to hear the latter part of his speech.

"To think that you should have sold Davenant—the dear old place!"

"I thought you did not care for it."

"Not just at first, perhaps. It seemed too big for me. I liked shabby old Marchbrook better. But I have been so happy here lately, and it is so nice to live among people one has known all one's life."

"Yes, old associations are sweetest," sneered Gilbert, the demon jealousy getting the upper hand.

"But, after all, the place itself matters very little," said Constanee, anxious to avoid any thing that might seem like upbraiding—no wife so conscientious in the discharge of her duty as a good woman who does not love her husband. "I should be just as happy in any cottage in the neighborhood."

"Especially if you had an old friend settled here," said Gilbert. "You haven't asked me the name of my successor; but perhaps you know."

"How should I know?"

"You might have means of obtaining information."

"Who is the person, Gilbert?"

"Sir Cyprian Davenant."

He watched her closely. Was the announcement a surprise, or did she know all about it, and was that look of grave astonishment a touch of social comedy?

She looked at him earnestly for a minute, and grew somewhat paler, he thought, as if the very sound of his rival's name were a shock to her.

"Indeed! He has bought the old place again!" she said, quietly. "That seems only right. But I thought he had gone back to Africa."

"Did you really?" with a somewhat ironical elevation of his eyebrows. "Well, I thought so too. But it seems he is still in England. Oh, by-the-bye, do you remember that German doctor who came to see you when you were ill?"

There was a purpose in the abruptness of this question. He wanted to take her off her guard; if possible to startle her into betraying herself. If there were any truth in Wyatt's assertion, this question must be a startling one.

Her calm look told him nothing. She was either innocent of all guile or the most consummate hypocrite.

"Yes, I can faintly remember. I can just recall that night, like a dream. Papa and you coming into my room, and a curious-looking old man, with a kind voice—a voice that went to my heart, somehow."

Gilbert started and frowned.

"Yes, I remember. It seems like a picture as I look back; your anxious looks, the fire-light shining on your faces. He asked me to sing, did he not? Yes, and the song made me cry. Oh, such blessed tears—they took a load off my mind. It was like the loosening of a band of iron round my head. And he spoke to me about Christabel, and told me to hope. Dear old man, I have reason to remember him."

"Has he never been since?"

"Never. How should he come, unless you or papa brought him?"

"No, to be sure. And you have no curiosity about him—no desire to see him again?"

"Why should I be curious or anxious? He did not deceive me with false hope. My darling was restored to him."

"And you thank him for that?"

"I thank God for having saved my child. I thank that good old doctor for being the first to tell me to hope."

This much and no more could Gilbert's closest questioning extort from his wife. What was he to think—that Wyatt was fooling him, or that Constance was past-mistress in dissimulation? He did not know what to think, and was miserable accordingly.

CHAPTER XXV.

READY FOR THE WORST.

JUNE roses were opening in the flower garden at Davenant, and Gilbert Sinclair had been leading a life of the purest domesticity for the last

three weeks. It hung rather heavily upon him, that domestic life, for though he loved his wife after his own fashion, he was not fond of home joys or exclusively feminine society. But what will not a jealous man endure when once his suspicions are aroused? Patient as the spider watching his prey, he waits for the unguarded moment which shall betray the horrid secret he fears yet longs to discover.

Except to see Goblin win the Derby—a feat which that estimable animal performed with honor to himself and satisfaction to every one save the book-men—Gilbert had not been away from Davenant since the Two Thousand. He had been told to look for treachery at home, and he was there ready to seize the traitor. No *mouchard* in the secret service of the Parisian police was ever a closer spy than the husband who doubts yet dotes, suspects yet fondly loves.

That he had seen nothing in all this time to confirm his doubts was not enough to convince Mr. Sinclair that those doubts were baseless. He was willing to imagine profoundest hypocrisy in the wife of his bosom, a brazen front under the semblance of a pure and innocent brow. Even that devotion to her child might be a cover for a guiltier love. Her happiness, her tranquillity, gave him new ground for suspicion. Was there not some secret well-spring of contentment, some hidden source of delight, masked behind this fair show of maternal affection?

These were the doubts which Gilbert Sinclair was perpetually revolving in his mind during this period of domestic bliss, and this was the aspect of affairs up to the fifteenth of June. Ascot races were to begin on the sixteenth, and Goblin was to fulfill his third great engagement. This was an occasion before which even a husband's jealous fears must give way, and Gilbert had made up his mind to see the horse run. He had not carried out his idea of selling Goblin after the Derby. Jackson, the trainer, had protested vehemently against such a breach of faith with *him*, who had made the horse.

"That there 'oss is to win the Ledger," said the indignant Jackson. "If he don't, I'll eat him, pig-skin and all."

Gilbert felt that to part with such a horse, for ever so high a price, would be to cut up the goose that laid the golden eggs.

"A horse can't go on winning great races forever, though. There must come a turn in the tide," suggested Gilbert, sagely. "We should get a pot of money for him now."

"A gentleman couldn't sell a 'oss that had just won him the blue ribbon of the turf," replied Jackson, with a burst of chivalrous feeling. "It would be too mean."

Gilbert gave way to the finer feelings of his trainer, and took no step toward cutting short his career on the turf. Things were looking livelier in the coal-pit district, he told himself, and a few thousand a year more or less could not hurt him. He would carry out his original idea, take a place somewhere near Newmarket, and establish his wife and—the child there.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken a house at Ascot during the race week for the accommodation of himself and a selection of choice spirits with sporting tastes, where the nights might have been enlivened by blind hookey, or poker, or some equally enlightening recreation. But on this occasion Mr. Sinclair made no such comfortable arrangement, and determined to sleep at his hotel in town on the night after the great race.

He was smoking his after-dinner cigar on the evening of the fifteenth, pacing slowly up and down the terrace in front of the open drawing-room windows, when a servant brought him his letters.

The first he opened was from his trainer, who was in high spirits about Goblin. The next two or three were business letters of no importance. The last was in a strange hand, a niggling, scratchy little hand, which, if there be any expression in penmanship, was suggestive of a mean and crafty nature in the writer.

Gilbert tore open the envelope, expecting to find some insinuating "tip" from a gentleman of the genus "tout;" but the letter was not even so honest as a tip: it was that snake in the grass, an anonymous warning:

"If Mr. Sinclaire is away to-moro nite he wil mis an oportunitie to learn sumthing he ouht to kno. If he want's to kno a secret let im wattch the balcone of is wif's room betwin tenn and leven to-moro nite.—A FRIEND."

Such a letter falling into the hands of a generous-minded man would have aroused only contempt; but coming to a man who had given himself up as a prey to suspicion and jealousy, who had long been on the watch for domestic treachery, even this venomous scrawl became significant as the voice of Fate—an oracle to be obeyed at any cost.

"She has taken advantage of my intended absence already, and has made an appointment with her lover," thought Gilbert Sinclair. "This warning comes from one of my servants, I dare say, some scullery-maid, who has found out my wife's infamy, and pities the deluded husband. Rather hard to swallow pity from such a quarter."

Then came the natural reaction.

"Is it a hoax, I wonder—a trick played upon me by some dismissed underling? Yet how should any one know how to put his finger on the spot that galls? Unless it were that scoundrel Wyatt, who hates me like poison. Well, at the least, I can take the hint, and be on the watch. God help Cyprian Davenant if he crosses my threshold with evil intent! He may have deceived me once. He sha'n't deceive me again."

Mr. Sinclair went to Ascot next day as he had intended. Any change in his plans would have put his wife upon her guard. He went to the races, looking uncommonly glum, as his friends informed him; so gloomy, indeed, were his looks that some of his intimates made haste to hedge their bets about Goblin, making very sure that the Derby winner had been seized by some sudden indisposition. The event rewarded their caution, for Goblin, although brought up to the starting-post in magnificent condition, failed to get a place. Gilbert bore his disappointment with supreme stoicism. Goblin's victory would not have made him smile; his failure hardly touched him. It was provoking, of course; but Destiny and Mr. Sinclair had long been at odds; it was only another item added to an old account.

He drove to the station directly Goblin's race was over, and as there was another race to come, he got a place in the train easily. It started immediately, and he was in London before seven o'clock, and on his way to Davenant at eight. He had not stopped to dine. A biscuit and a glass of brandy and soda were all he cared to take in his present frame of mind.

It was striking nine as he left the quiet little Kentish station, not quite clear as to what his next step ought to be. He had been told to watch his wife's room between ten and eleven. To do this with any effect, he must get into the house unobserved, or find a safe post of observation in the garden. To announce his return home would be, of course, to destroy his chance of making any discovery: and by this time he had made up his mind that there was domestic treachery to be discovered. As to the means, he cared little or nothing. To meet treachery with treachery could be no dishonor.

It was dusk, the sweet summer dusk, when he entered the park through a gate seldom used by any one but gamekeepers or servants. The nightingales were breaking out into sudden gushes of melody, calling and answering one another from distant clumps of chestnut or beech, but Mr. Sinclair took no heed of the nightingales. In his happiest frame of mind that melodious jug-jugging would have made no particular impression upon his unsensitive ear; to-night all senses were more or less in abeyance. He found his way along the narrow foot-path mechanically, looking neither to the right nor the left, and only roused himself when he came within sight of the house.

How to get in unobserved and reach his room without meeting any of the servants was the question.

A moment's reflection showed him that this ought to be easy enough. Half past nine o'clock was the servants' supper hour at Davenant, and meals in the servants' hall are an institution which even domestic convulsions leave unshaken. A funeral makes no difference in the divine right of servants to dine and sup at a certain hour: a wedding may cause some supererogatory feasting, but can hardly overthrow the regular order of the daily meals. Mr. Sinclair had no fear, therefore, of any alteration in the routine of the household; and he knew by experience that his servants liked to take their time at the social evening meal.

It was twenty minutes to ten when he stopped for a minute or so in the shrubbery to consider his plans. Between ten and eleven, said the anonymous letter. He had no time to lose.

He skirted the lawn in front of the drawing-room windows, keeping in the shadow of the trees. The windows were all open, and he could see the whole of the room. Lamps were burning on the tables, candles on the open piano, but his wife was not there. He went in at one of the windows. The child's toys were lying on the floor by Constance's favorite chair, and an open work-basket, a little pile of books on a gypsy table, showed that the room had been lately occupied.

"She has gone to the balcony room to keep her appointment," he thought, savagely, for by this time he had accepted the anonymous warning as a truth.

The hall was as empty as the drawing-room, the lamps burned dimly, being the last invention in lamps that do not illuminate. Gilbert went softly up the shallow old staircase to the corridor which ran the length of the house, and ended at the door of his own snuggery. He reached this door without meeting any one, went quietly into the room, and locked the door. The oriel-window of this room commanded the balcony room, which was recessed in the southern front, between two projecting wings. There could be no better post of observation for the man who had been told to watch the garden approach to his wife's rooms.

There were matches and candles on the mantel-piece, but to strike a light would be to make his presence known to any one in the balcony room, so Gilbert waited quietly in the half darkness of a summer night, and found what he wanted easily enough by the sense of touch. There was no moon yet, but a few stars were shining faintly in the calm gray sky. The windows of the balcony room were dark, and one stood open—the one nearest the iron stair. Gilbert observed this.

"She is sitting there in the dark," he thought, "waiting for him. That dark room, that open window, look like guilt. Why has she not her lamp lighted, and her music or her books? No; she has something else to think of."

His guns were arranged in artistic order above the chimney-piece—a costly collection, with all the latest improvements in sporting guns. His hands wandered here and there among the stocks till they came to a favorite rifle, the lightest in his collection, and one of the surest. He had shot many a royal stag with it beyond the Tweed. He took down this gun, went to a drawer where he kept ammunition, and selected his shot and loaded his gun in a steady, business-like manner. There was no faltering of the hand that dropped the cartridge into its place, though that hand meant murder.

"He refused to fight me," Gilbert Sinclair said to himself. "He lied to me until I was fool enough to believe his lies. I gave him fair warning. He has tricked and insulted me in the face of that warning. He has entered my house once as an impostor and a liar. If he tries to enter it a second time as a thief and a seducer, his blood be upon his own head."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	17.	—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday,	21.	—St. Thomas.
Sunday,	24.	—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	25.	—Christmas.
Tuesday,	26.	—St. Stephen.
Wednesday,	27.	—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday,	28.	—Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	31.	—First Sunday after Christmas.

ABOUT 1800 clergymen attended Mr. MOODY's Christian Convention, which opened in Chicago November 21. As many more persons were present at the opening meeting; subsequently the delegates and visitors filled the Tabernacle. After the opening devotional services, Mr. MOODY delivered a lecture on the "Study of the Bible." On the second day Mr. SANKEY spoke on the proper management of church music. On the third day the chief topic was "Inquiry Meetings." The routine was the same as was followed by Mr. MOODY in preceding conventions. As on former occasions, he appeared at his best when answering the questions put to him by the attending ministers. "How," it was asked, "shall the home missionary in a small town raise money to build a small church?" The answer was: "The missionary must be sure the Lord sent him. There should not be eight or ten small churches in a small town"—than which nothing could be more to the point. "How do you endure the strain of continual work?" asked an inquisitive delegate. Mr. MOODY replied that he "did not know a strain. Too many ministers break down with unnecessary burdens. God does not require a man to groan all night for those who have not been saved during the day."

At the annual meeting of that most valuable city charity, the Children's Aid Society, held November 29, the treasurer reported its financial condition to be prosperous. The expenses of the year were $191,486; these had all been met from the receipts, leaving a surplus of $1651 in the treasury. A mortgage of $10,000 on the Newsboys' Lodging-House had been paid, and also a deficit of the year 1875, amounting to $5000. The report says of the work of the year 1876: "A greater number of homeless children have been sheltered, fed, and taught in our lodging-houses than ever before; a greater number of destitute children having homes have been taught, fed, and clothed in our industrial schools; nearly the same number of the homeless have been sent to homes and places of employment, while the accounts from those previously sent have been singularly encouraging." Sectarian bigotry has made cruel assaults upon this most useful society; fortunately, the misrepresentations with regard to the children sent to the West have been refuted, and it has, and deserves to have, in larger measure than ever, the confidence of the benevolent.

The very able debate in the General Conference of the Congregationalists of Connecticut (held in New Haven November 14–16), on the reading of the Bible in the public schools, deserves more attention than it has received from the press. The speeches of Drs. WOOLSEY and BACON were especially weighty. The former held that the State should establish schools, and should compel every child to attend somewhere. These schools should teach morals, and in teaching morals there is no reason why the Bible should not be a text-book. Dr. BACON said: "It is absolute nonsense to exclude the Bible from the schools. Merely as a work of instruction, the Catholics should no more find fault with reading the Bible than with studying Homer. We must not be dictated to by any one who says that the most read of all books shall be excluded from the schools." To the question, "Suppose the Catholics should become a majority?" Dr. BACON replied, "Then we must get another *Mayflower*, and seek a new land."

The temper of the Vatican court is well expressed in the appointment of Cardinal SIMEONI as the successor of the late secretary of the Pope, ANTONELLI. As nuncio at Madrid, SIMEONI made himself conspicuous by his efforts to secure the expurgation from the Spanish Constitution of the famous Article XI., of which Protestants are just now so loudly complaining. Little as this article concedes to Protestantism, that little was too much for the papacy. SIMEONI was born in 1816, was made a cardinal in 1875, and as to order is a priest. The London *Times* reports of him that "some years ago he came under the favorable notice of PIUS IX. through being employed at the Vatican in drawing up Latin letters and briefs. He was a *protégé* of Cardinal FRANCHI, who would probably have succeeded ANTONELLI had he not, as is generally thought, other views than that of terminating his career as pontifical Secretary of State."

On the 30th of November, our Thanksgiving-day, which was also St. Andrew's Day, it was expected that the Archbishop of Canterbury would consecrate Dean EDWARD RALPH JOHNSON, of Chester, Metropolitan Archbishop of Calcutta. The letters patent will contain, for the first time in a state Church document, the additional title of the Queen—Empress of India. Lady ROLLE has announced the transfer of £40,000 consols to the English ecclesiastical commissions an endowment of the new diocese in Cornwall, to be known as the diocese of Truro.

It may be doubted if Dr. LE MOYNE's experiment of cremation will incline the people of this country to make any change in the prevalent method of disposing of the dead. He has an illustrious subject and improved facilities, but the burning of the dead has for ages been repugnant to Christian feeling. Christianity found cremation prevalent in Italy, at least among the prosperous classes; but the feeling which it inspired of reverence for the human body, as destined to a renewal of life beyond the grave, led to a total change of customs. There may be advantages in cremation, but the necessity for it is not urgent in a country which is as yet for the most part sparsely populated.

The international scheme of the King of the Belgians for the exploration of Africa and the extinction of the internal slave-trade is being carried forward by the formation of national committees. At a recent meeting held in Glasgow a Scotch branch was formed; an English branch will also be formed, with the Prince of Wales at its head. The society will, when fully organized, become a league similar to the Geneva association for the relief of the sick and wounded in war. The plan of the Belgian king is, first, the determination of routes for highways to the interior, and the building of a road by each nation represented. At the Glasgow meeting Sir BARTLE FRERE said: "I am not exaggerating when I say that in a year or two, by God's blessing, we may have wheeled carriages running through Africa from the sea to the lake. The mystery of the Nile, the Congo, and all those rivers will then be a matter within our grasp, for the mystery attaching to them can not, I believe, be solved by military expeditions."

Twenty-seven Methodist Episcopal Conferences have voted upon the change of the third restrictive rule of the Discipline—that which relates to the maintenance of episcopacy. In these, 696 votes have been cast in favor of the change, and 1195 in opposition. The object of this appeal to the Annual Conferences is to obtain their consent to the proposal to make presiding elders elective. Many votes are recorded against this measure on the ground that the powers of the General Conference are sufficient for effecting any such change.

The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Northern) for 1876 show a considerable increase in the number of members. The totals are 11 bishops, 88 annual conferences, 11,361 itinerant preachers, 12,500 local preachers, making a total of over 23,000 preachers, 1,613,560 lay members, an increase of 61,508; 15,634 church edifices, and 5077 parsonages. The value of the churches is estimated to be $69,214,055, a decrease of $2,139,179; the parsonages are valued at $9,422,960, a decrease of $308,688. The total of benevolent collections for the year is $852,351, distributed thus: For worn-out preachers and widows of deceased preachers, $134,058; for missions, $507,033; for Women's Foreign Missionary Society, $62,236; for church extension, $57,911; for the Tract Society, $13,985; for the Sunday-school Union, $15,909; for freedmen, $35,307; for education, $25,908. The total decrease in the benevolent collections is over $130,000.

The Methodist Episcopal Mission Committee, at its late session in this city, appropriated in all $525,000 for the coming year, and $100,000 additional for the liquidation of the debt of the treasury. Of the whole sum appropriated, $297,749 were for foreign missions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COUNTRYMAN bargained with a California photographer for a half-length picture of himself at half price, and when the artist delivered a fine view of the subject from the waistband down, the victimized sitter indulged in remarks more forcible than polite.

"I don't care much for a quiet baby, but I dote on a squalling one," said an old bachelor. "Why, how strange!" admiringly chorused all the mothers in the room. "Not at all," responded the bachelor, "because, you see, as soon as the brat begins to squall, it's always taken from the room."

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife that helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

THE BEST TIME.—"A great philosopher," said a public lecturer, "once said that he would not for any thing have had money left him in his youth." "That's just my idea," exclaimed an aged auditor; "I'd a 'nation sight rather have it left me now."

A local debating society is preparing to wrestle with the following question: "*Resolved*, That a man who plays on an accordion and keeps a barking dog can't be a Christian." Four members to one want to take the negative side.

"Sambo, where's your master?" "Gone out." "Has he left off drinking yet?" "Oh yes; he leave off three times this morning."

"He's filling his last cavity," mournfully said a young dentist, as they lowered the coffin of his deceased partner into the grave.

"What is the worst side of naval warfare?" asked a school-teacher. "The broadside," replied a boy in the back seat. He went up to the head.

GRAVE JOKE.—There is no reason why the earth's inhabitants should always look grave; but it would disarrange things terribly if the earth herself were to lose her gravity.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST PRINTERS ON RECORD.—The Emperor Trajan, who set up a Roman column.

The son of a well-known actor recently, at a public examination, in reply to the question, "Who was the greatest English divine?" said, promptly, "The divine William."

"Weel, Peggy," said an old man to a female servant whom he had known all his days, "are ye no married yet?" "Me married yet!" replied Peggy, indignantly, "I dare say no! I wouldna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

"Now," said a citizen of Rawlings, Wyoming Territory, at a recent dance, "you see that heifer in a red dress—that's my wife; an' ef you dance with her more'n two times, pard, I'll shute the hull top ov yer hed off. What 'll yer drink?"

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village school-master: "Sur, as you are a man of nolege, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

Why is the letter "s" like a lamb?—Because it is the beginning of "sheep."

VERY UNSATISFACTORY SORT OF BREAD.—The roll of fame.

"The way it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see somethin' and you give half a dollar for a chance to win it, another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back."

THE LIONIZED ASINUS VULGARIS.

U. S. "Don't bray—I mean roar—so loud, you will frighten those foreigners about to leave us. They can't appreciate your style of *fun!*"

OLD FORT RENO, FROM THE SOUTH—NOW DEPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR GENERAL CROOK.

GENERAL CROOK'S HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT FETTERMAN.

THE POWDER RIVER EXPEDITION CROSSING THE PLATTE, NOVEMBER 14, 1876.

THE SIOUX WAR.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE TROOPS.—[SEE PAGE 1018.]

THE SIOUX WAR.

MILITARY operations on the plains have been pushed forward with great activity for the past few weeks, and with a success that will probably result in teaching the hostile tribes the necessity of keeping at peace. On November 25 an expedition under General M'KENZIE, which left Old Fort Reno early in the month for the Powder River, came upon a formidable Indian fastness in a cañon on the North Fork of that river. The cañon is about four miles long, and varies in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile at the base of the walls. It is intersected throughout by scores of ravines from five to fifty feet deep. Its direction is about east and west, and the North Fork of the Powder River winds along the southern side. Its western end terminates in an irregular range of flat hills, and there are rocky and brushy patches on the sides of the cañon, and bluffs rising abruptly from the bottom at several points within short distances of the Indian camp. A count of the tepees after the fight showed that the village had contained between 180 and 200, and the warriors are estimated at between 400 and 500.

The attack was made at night, in the most gallant manner. The Indians fought bravely and desperately, but were driven from one ravine to another, until the village and cañon were in the hands of our soldiers. General M'KENZIE's loss was small; but among the slain was Lieutenant JOHN A. M'KINNEY, of the Fourth Cavalry. He was a native of Memphis, Tennessee, a fine soldier, and distinguished for manliness and bravery. The Indian loss is estimated at from thirty to fifty killed. Our troops captured about 500 ponies, and totally destroyed all the tepees and most of their contents, including the winter's supply of dried meat. Besides what was destroyed, over fifty pack-horses were loaded with buffalo-robes, etc., taken from the lodges by our enlisted Indians. A quantity of ammunition which the hostile Indians had no time to take off with them was also destroyed.

On page 1017 will be found sketches of Old Fort Reno, now General CROOK's supply dépôt, General CROOK's head-quarters at Fort Fetterman, and the Powder River expedition under General M'KENZIE crossing the Platte River on November 14.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT appears that the horrible scheme to take the remains of Abraham Lincoln from the tomb was arranged in all its details by three or four villains in a low drinking saloon of Chicago. The conspirators calculated that there was "money in the job"—that a patriotic country would be at once aroused, and would agree to any demand for the recovery of the body. They expected not only to receive a large sum of money, but also to gain the release of "Ben Boyd," a notorious counterfeiter, who is now in the penitentiary. The plan was, after securing the body, to carry it across the Sangamon River, not far from the cemetery, and bury it in a sandy bank under the bridge, where it would be secure from the closest search. The whole plot was discovered by the instrumentality of a detective who was taken into the counsels of the conspirators, they believing him mutually interested with themselves in its accomplishment. Being alarmed in the very midst of their sacrilegious task, the wretches fled; but after a while, singularly enough, they were arrested in the very saloon where the plot was devised. Unfortunately, by the law of Illinois, the heaviest penalty for such an infamous crime is a large fine and three years' imprisonment—certainly not sufficient to satisfy the feelings of the community.

In 1820 Captain Ross recorded 50° below zero as the lowest temperature he experienced in the arctic seas. By Dr. Kane, in 1853, 70° below zero was recorded; by Dr. Hayes, in 1861, 68½°; by Captain Nares, in 1876, 72°.

Hotels every where are reducing their prices, so that now it does not cost such a large fortune as formerly to travel around a little, and spend a few days at a hotel.

The treasures discovered by General Di Cesnola at the temple of Kurium, in Cyprus, consist of about 1500 articles in gold, silver, bronze, etc. They are supposed to be more than two thousand years old.

When election suspense is fully over, and the Centennial fever wholly allayed, what can people talk about but the weather? And at the very commencement of winter "Kentucky's goose bone" sends out its "probabilities." The prophecy of the goose bone does not extend beyond the year in which the goose was hatched, and the prediction is for the three winter months only. Take the breast-bone of a last spring's goose and divide it into three equal parts, and the different divisions will represent December, January, and February. The breast-bone of a goose is translucent, and if clear when held up to the light, the weather will be mild and pleasant; but if covered with cloud-like blots, it will be gloomy and cold—the heavier the blots, the colder will be the weather. A study of this year's goose bone indicates that the weather for December will be cloudy and gloomy, probably with much rain and snow, not very cold, but withal a very disagreeable month. About the last of December we shall have some cold weather, which will continue to grow colder as January advances. The month of January will be a cold one throughout, with some very severe weather during the last part of the month, the coldest experienced for a number of years. February will be more pleasant and spring-like, betokening an early return of the flowers. During the last of the month, however, there will be a few cold days, but no severe weather. Such is the prophecy of the goose bone, according to the Louisville *Commercial*.

The narrow-gauge railway on the Centennial grounds was well patronized during the whole time of the Exhibition. The number who took passage on it up to November 10 was 4,600,787. The largest number carried on any one day was 68,278, on September 28, "Pennsylvania Day."

"Seven persons killed outright, about one hundred injured, and others who will probably die," is the reported result of the falling of a theatre floor in San Francisco. It is the old story—insufficient supports and a crowded house. The theatre was over a large livery-stable, and the whole audience was precipitated into the stable beneath. A fearful scene followed. Hundreds crawled out unassisted and uninjured, but beneath the débris were the dead and injured.

The Art Students' League—a society formed about a year ago in this city for the purpose of aiding students in the higher development of art culture—has entered on its second year under favorable auspices. As now organized, the League affords remarkable facilities and advantages in the various departments of art studies.

Applications for space in the Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia have been numerous.

The originals of a great many letters of Melanchthon were recently found in the Chigi Library, at Rome. It is evident, by comparing them with those published, that Joachim Camerarius, the first editor, suppressed or modified a number of strong expressions used in Melanchthon's confidential correspondence which had reference to princes, statesmen, and reformers of his time.

The double-deck cars on the Sixth Avenue line are decidedly popular.

There are now, it is estimated, between two and three million cinchona plants on the government plantations of India, and the cultivation of them has been attended with remarkable success. Mention is made of the fact that one of the cinchona-trees thus grown in India has attained the height of thirty-two feet, with a girth of about twenty-nine inches.

Li-Hung Chang, the new commander-in-chief of the Chinese army, is said to have already made himself the actual sovereign of the empire. He was the son of a poor literary man, and during the Tai-ping rebellion offered his services to the government, and has rapidly risen in military rank and imperial favor. He is regarded as the implacable enemy of foreigners, and the leading opponent of progress. He is about fifty-five years of age, and holds his power by a system of nepotism in vogue in China.

In April, 1873, the Legislature passed an act authorizing the Board of Education of the city of New York to provide and maintain a nautical school for the education and training of pupils in the service and practice of navigation. A year later, the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to extend the use of certain vessels to nautical schools, and the *St. Mary's* was lent for the use of the New York school in January, 1875. Since that time the average number of pupils has been about one hundred and twenty-five. Not long ago there was an examination of the pupils on board the *St. Mary's*, and about sixty boys graduated. Their practical knowledge of seamanship and navigation was very satisfactory.

The Philadelphia *Times* gives the following table, exhibiting the number of guests at all the Centennial hotels in West Philadelphia during the Exhibition:

	Daily Average.	Total.
Globe	1400	200,000
Grand Exposition	1350	196,000
Atlas	1200	175,000
Transcontinental	1100	200,000
United States	500	125,000
Congress Hall	600	180,000
Aubry	300	50,000
Channing	275	50,000
Westminster	160	20,000
Belmont	400	30,000
Grand Villa	220	24,000
All others		114,000
Grand total		2,364,000

The three Younger brothers, who were leaders in the attack on the Northfield Bank, Minnesota, when the cashier was murdered, have been sentenced to State-prison for life. They escape hanging by a peculiarity of the Minnesota law, which mitigates the sentence of those who plead guilty to the crime of which they are accused. There were eight desperadoes engaged in the raid upon the bank—two of them escaped, three were killed by the pursuing citizens, and these three were captured and have received sentence.

Now is the time for hunters to visit the Adirondacks—that is, those fond of hunting bears. Six "Bruins" were lately captured near Mayfield, New York. A large bear marched into Northville at noonday and deliberately seated himself near the tavern on the main street, but retreated in good order when the villagers sprang to arms.

The following table gives the acreage of New York city parks:

	Acres.
The Battery	10
The City Hall Park	10
Washington Square, over	9
Union Place, over	3
Stuyvesant Place, over	3
Madison Square, over	6
Manhattan Square	19
Mount Morris	20
Central Park	730
Tompkins Square, over	10
Gramercy Park, over	1
Total	821

Two polar bears that for five years had lived in harmony in a large pit in the Zoological Gardens of Cologne recently had a serious quarrel with each other. The weaker party took refuge upon the top of a rock in one corner of the pit; but when, after three days of fasting, she descended, pressed by hunger, her former companion violently attacked her, and in spite of all the efforts of the keepers to separate them, he soon tore her body into pieces. During the whole combat neither of the bears uttered a sound of any kind.

The following anecdote is told by the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* of a Democrat in that city: "The night before the Presidential election he was out with his wife, who is an enthusiastic Republican. Upon returning home, her husband said, 'Now I'll get a good sleep, get up in the morning, take John [his colored servant], go to the polls, and put in two votes for Tilden.' Like the patriarch Isaac's wife, the good wife of our Democratic friend kept her own counsel. But next morning bright and early she arose and proceeded to the kitchen, where she found John, whom she accosted: 'John, have you voted yet?' 'No, ma'am,' quoth John. 'Then, John,' said Mrs. ——, 'you go and vote as quick as you can.' John went and voted for Hayes and Wheeler. After breakfast our Democratic friend called John, observing pleasantly to him, 'Now, John, suppose *we* go and vote?' Quoth John, 'Why, jedge, I's done voted!' The judge took in the situation, and went to the polls a wiser man."

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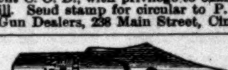
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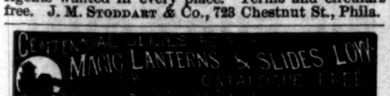

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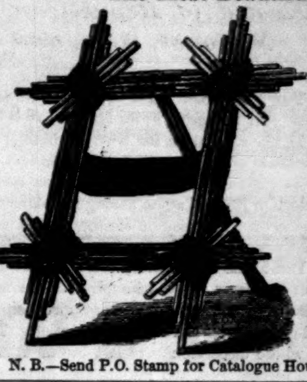

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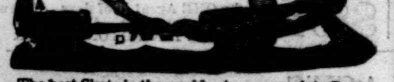

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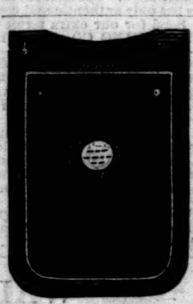

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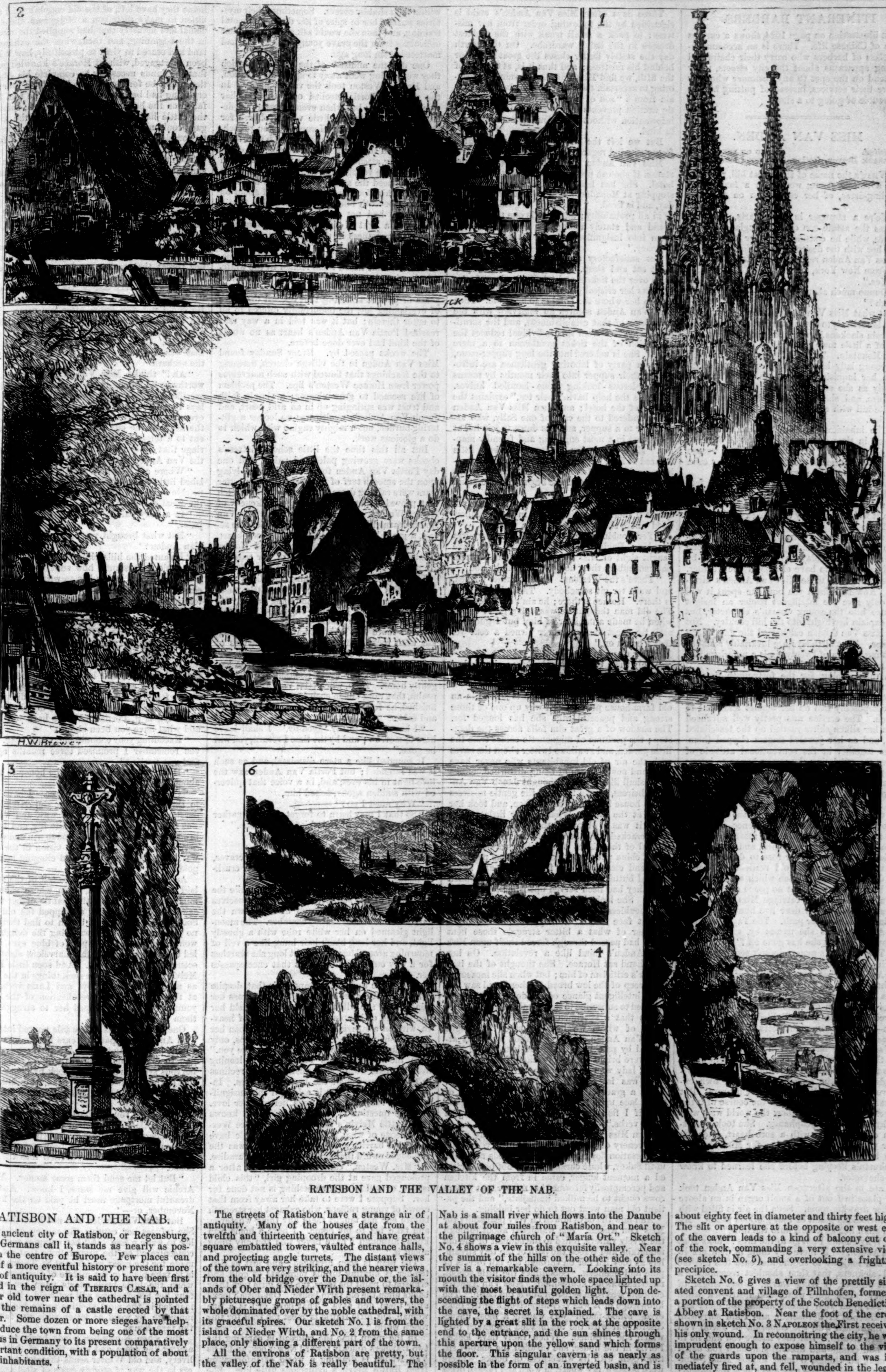

RATISBON AND THE VALLEY OF THE NAB.

RATISBON AND THE NAB.

THE ancient city of Ratisbon, or Regensburg, as the Germans call it, stands as nearly as possible in the centre of Europe. Few places can boast of a more eventful history or present more marks of antiquity. It is said to have been first founded in the reign of TIBERIUS CÆSAR, and a singular old tower near the cathedral is pointed out as the remains of a castle erected by that emperor. Some dozen or more sieges have helped to reduce the town from being one of the most populous in Germany to its present comparatively unimportant condition, with a population of about 30,000 inhabitants.

The streets of Ratisbon have a strange air of antiquity. Many of the houses date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and have great square embattled towers, vaulted entrance halls, and projecting angle turrets. The distant views of the town are very striking, and the nearer views from the old bridge over the Danube or the islands of Ober and Nieder Wirth present remarkably picturesque groups of gables and towers, the whole dominated over by the noble cathedral, with its graceful spires. Our sketch No. 1 is from the island of Nieder Wirth, and No. 2 from the same place, only showing a different part of the town.

All the environs of Ratisbon are pretty, but the valley of the Nab is really beautiful. The Nab is a small river which flows into the Danube at about four miles from Ratisbon, and near to the pilgrimage church of "Maria Ort." Sketch No. 4 shows a view in this exquisite valley. Near the summit of the hills on the other side of the river is a remarkable cavern. Looking into its mouth the visitor finds the whole space lighted up with the most beautiful golden light. Upon descending the flight of steps which leads down into the cave, the secret is explained. The cave is lighted by a great slit in the rock at the opposite end to the entrance, and the sun shines through this aperture upon the yellow sand which forms the floor. This singular cavern is as nearly as possible in the form of an inverted basin, and is about eighty feet in diameter and thirty feet high. The slit or aperture at the opposite or west end of the cavern leads to a kind of balcony cut out of the rock, commanding a very extensive view (see sketch No. 5), and overlooking a frightful precipice.

Sketch No. 6 gives a view of the prettily situated convent and village of Pillnhofen, formerly a portion of the property of the Scotch Benedictine Abbey at Ratisbon. Near the foot of the cross shown in sketch No. 3 NAPOLEON the First received his only wound. In reconnoitring the city, he was imprudent enough to expose himself to the view of the guards upon the ramparts, and was immediately fired at, and fell, wounded in the leg.

ITINERANT BARBERS.

THE illustration on page 1024 shows a curious phase of Chinese life. There is an accommodating class of barbers who carry their chairs and shaving apparatus about the city streets, ready to attend on the spot to any customer who may require their services, instead of putting him to the trouble of going to a shop.

MISS VAN ANDEN.

Rosalind. Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.

"WHAT'S the name of that great hill, please?" asks a stately young woman in a fashionable traveling-dress, of her companion on the next seat.

"Ye're a stranger in these parts, mebbe?" returns the astute son of New England she addresses, while he considers whether it is best to trust her with the desired information.

Miss Van Anden replies with a stare.

"From New York, naow?"

"Yes."

"Dunno much about it myself—'spose you do, though?"

But what Miss Van Anden knows about New York is not likely to appear, for just at this moment the train slackens its speed, and stops at the station of a little town lying at the base of Monadnock Mountain. The haughty frown with which the young lady has vainly attempted to extinguish her inquisitive fellow-traveler clears off slightly as she steps out upon the rough little platform, and she turns toward the grand old granite hill with a look of reverent awe and admiration.

"The inhabitants of Judæa fled to the hill country in time of trouble, and thus I come to you, old mountain," murmurs this young woman with the discontented mouth. "Are you as calm and restful as you are grand and stately?"

But if we are to know what has sent the feet of this fashionable young lady straying alone and unattended among the hills of New Hampshire, it will be necessary to go back to New York and find out.

Five days ago the perspiring populace of Gotham had groaned under the infliction of one of the hottest Sundays ever manufactured by the immortals who have charge of the weather. It also happened to be Miss Van Anden's birthday. Now to inform you how she spent it will not only give the intelligent reader an insight at once into the young woman's character, but also explain her flight into the hill country. Not that Miss Van Anden celebrated the day in any manner. That birthdays are invariably snubbed by young women of twenty-six is a notorious fact that needs no explanation whatever.

In the morning, for the forty-ninth time in seven years, Miss Van Anden informed Archie Westervelt that she would *not* marry him. Then she composedly tied on her bonnet and went to church. The service was pretty well advanced when her silken skirts rustled up the tessellated aisle, and as her jeweled fingers clasped themselves together in the conventional attitude of prayer the officiating clergyman began to intone that portion of the liturgy known as the General Thanksgiving. But when it was concluded, no responsive Amen found its way to her lips. Miss Van Anden is too weary of existence to be in any way thankful for it. She sat the long service out with a stolid sort of patience, wondered why the sermon didn't seem to mean any thing, yawned furtively now and then, and at the conclusion of the last prayer rose to depart, carrying with her the same old restless conscience and discontented soul, upon which a benediction had been pronounced, but no peace descended.

On her way to her carriage Miss Van Anden bowed to such of her dear five hundred friends as lingered about her path. The Taylors nod to the Andersons, as she passes by, and remark: "How frightfully she has gone off!"

"The old man's money doesn't seem to do her much good," suggests Harry Dupont.

"And then that dear delightful Mr. Beekman ought to have had it, any way," replied little Celia Minturn.

As the lady in question drove away from the sacred edifice, her glance lighted on Gerard Beekman—the man who eight years ago swore either to marry the heiress or break old Jacob Van Anden's will. He had failed in the first undertaking through having left one of his letters where it was carried straight to Portia Van Anden's hands, and in the second through her own endeavors, coupled with those of her lawyers. But it was a long struggle, and in the course of it the heiress had learned to know the world well, with its hypocrisy and sycophancy. She took possession of her wealth with a sore heart, after the four years of weary litigation, for Miss Van Anden had nearly trusted her heart into Gerard Beekman's keeping before she learned to know his character.

Late in the afternoon Miss Van Anden took her place in front of a small organ in an alcove in her drawing-room. Soon the air is filled with the melodious plaint of that glorious psalm, "My soul shall flee as a bird unto the hills."

"Why should I not go to the hills?" asks Miss Van Anden. "Is there any thing in their grandeur and majesty to soothe and cure this terrible soul-sickness, that thou shouldst recommend a flight thither, O King David, 'sweet singer of Israel'? You were weary and heart-sick while you sat upon your throne amidst the glory and magnificence of Jerusalem, and I am sorrowful and oppressed with the *entourage* of Jacob Van Anden's wealth. Did they flatter you and lie to you, and cringe and deceive you, until you hated all men, all things, O most mighty King!—until you longed for the rest and quiet, the immovable fixedness, of the everlasting hills?"

Three days after, Miss Van Anden's maid is electrified by the following order from her mistress: to pack a small trunk with the plainest dresses in the lady's wardrobe. On the fourth day the stately butler closes the great hall door behind his mistress; and thus it is, at the end of the fifth, we find Miss Van Anden vainly endeavoring to ascertain the name of Monadnock Mountain from a "son of the soil," whose characteristic caution prevents him from parting with any information without first securing an equivalent in kind.

But we left the young lady in an agitated frame of mind regarding her supper.

Miss Van Anden proceeds to inquire at the station if she can procure accommodations at the hotel. She has had no particular reason for stopping at Monadnock, but she has traveled all day, and is tired. "One hill is as good as another in all probability; and here is one that stands grand and stately among his fellows, dwarfing them into insignificance with his towering supremacy."

But satisfactory as hills may be, humanity must eat and sleep. The gentleman who presides over the tickets and telegraph wires at once inspects her critically, and finally condescends to inform her where the hotel is to be found. Then Miss Van Anden secures an interview with the proprietor of that establishment, and the scrutiny she receives from this individual reduces the inspection of the ticket gentleman to a mere trifle. She is ushered into the long supper-room, where a party of laboring gentlemen are introducing their supper into their mouths by means of murderous-looking bone-handled knives. "Them's the help havin' their tea," explains the keeper of the hotel; and then Miss Van Anden is surrendered to the care of one Sally, who assists her to a supper, and sits down to join her at the repast in a most engaging and friendly manner. Miss Van Anden is disposed to be a little amazed at first, but she suddenly remembers having seen Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams play *Customs of the Country*, and she begins to understand matters more clearly.

In the morning she sends for her host, and inquires if there is a quiet family in the neighborhood where she could board for a while.

"Yer wouldn't like to stop with us?" inquires the New England Boniface, whose eyes have caught sight of Miss Van Anden's plump purse. She remembers the "help," and "thinks not."

"There's the Westons. They're ruther pushed, and want ter git somebody. The school-missus is there. Horace is there; he ain't doin' nothing. The old man thought he was doing great things when he made a minister of him, but I guess he ain't no great shakes; never airned a cent yet that I hearn on."

"How many in the family?"

"Only them four. There's Suke; she 'helps' sometimes; but, Lord! they can't afford to hire nobody."

Before night Miss Van Anden is settled in an old farm-house perched half-way up one of those strong and peaceful hills she has longed for. The shadow of a great elm falls across the doorstep; the perfume of mignonette comes from the little garden, and swallows twitter about the eaves with the air of old inhabitants who never have been and never dream of being disturbed.

"I shall like it here," thought Jacob Van Anden's heiress, as she followed the gentle mistress of the house into the great kitchen, and took her place at the table. What a poor little supper table it was! Many of the cups and saucers were cracked, and there could be no doubt that several of the dishes owed their entirety to the use of china putty; but every thing was perfectly neat and clean, and the fresh bread and sweet rolls of butter tasted as good to Miss Van Anden as if they had been served upon her own Sèvres china. She looked at the bowed head and stooping shoulders of Josiah Weston, and the worn, patient face of his wife opposite, and a slight glimmer of what a bitter struggle those bent forms had passed through forced itself upon Miss Van Anden's mind like a revelation. On her right hand sat Horace. She thought of the innkeeper's criticism of him; but when she measured the sweep of the low broad forehead, and saw the clear, intelligent glance of the deep-set eyes, she declined to subscribe to that gentleman's estimate.

"Is that a specimen of the Yankee schoolmarm of whom we hear so much?" thought Miss Van Anden, as her attention was next attracted by pale little Hattie Melvin, whose blue eyes were bright with admiration of the beautiful young lady who sat opposite her. "Why, that child was intended for a Fifth Avenue belle. What a graceful little form to hang a dress of fleecy lace upon! I shall think the world gone mad if I find that little mouth can conjugate Latin verbs."

Then Miss Van Anden began to inquire about the scenery of the surrounding country, and the conversation flowed on about the woods and hills, until Sukey, whose curiosity could not be restrained a moment longer, came in from the kitchen and peremptorily informed her master that "them cows ought to be milked immejiate," and the patient old man went out to do her bidding.

And now the days flowed on very peacefully for Miss Van Anden. She wandered about through the lovely valleys, toiled to the summit of the old mountain, and traced the path of the tiny streamlets as they led her on through the tall forests of pine and hemlock. Sometimes the little school-mistress was her companion. Miss Van Anden's curiosity was soon satisfied about the Latin. The knowledge of it was very imperfect, and the blue-eyed "school-marm" was waging a most unsuccessful war with the tow-headed ignorance over which she presided. When rainy days locked Portia in the house, she invaded the shabby sitting-room, with its wilderness of books. There were books every where, in worn and ragged dress most of them, but hiding whole mines of wealth within their shabby covers. Sometimes their mysteries puzzled her in spite of her thorough mental training, and then she would ask assistance in her difficulties from the grave young student who had mastered them long ago.

One day the minister of the parish in which they were living went away to spend his vacation, and Horace Weston took the vacant place. In the morning Portia strolled over the familiar woodland paths; but when evening came, she determined to invade the little village church for the first time, and hear Horace Weston preach. As she entered, the simple congregation were singing, and soon the hymn was concluded, and every ear listening attentively for the first words from the lips of the young minister. Quietly he arose and announced the single text that was to be the subject of his discourse. As he looked about on the faces beneath him, Portia saw in his face a beauty she had not dreamed it could possess. There was a light of inspiration in the luminous eyes, an earnestness in the trembling motion of the well-cut lips, that lent to the simple words he used a power and pathos they had never possessed when she heard them recited by the white-robed priest beneath St. Thomas's lofty dome. It was the old, old story he had to tell—the thirty years of patient suffering that opened the gates of everlasting joy, the opportunity offered to all to enter therein; but it was told in a way that reached Portia Van Anden's heart as no words of the kind had ever done before.

The weeks passed by. Every Sunday found Miss Van Anden in the village church, listening to the teachings that flowed with such marvelous power from Horace Weston's lips. The problem of life seemed to grow clearer; a simple faith and trust was springing up in an arid heart, and Jacob Van Anden's wealth was no longer a glittering burden, but a mighty engine with which to do a glorious work.

But all this time the little school-mistress's cheeks were growing paler and paler; and one day Portia Van Anden found a little form lying upon the smooth turf of the orchard, while bitter tears were raining down upon a very faulty sketch that proved on examination to be a likeness of Horace Weston. And at the same time Miss Van Anden learned Hattie Melvin's miserable little secret, a great light broke in upon her own heart, and she knew also that she too loved Horace Weston with the whole strength of her passionate nature.

That night, when the evening devotions were ended, Miss Van Anden went to the little melodeon in the shabby parlor, and sang again, "My soul shall flee as a bird unto the hills;" but this time it was not the plaint of a weary heart. It sounded more like a hosanna of thanksgiving. For what recked Jacob Van Anden's heiress of that pale-cheeked child on the grass?

But Horace had seen her too, and Horace had lifted her from her lowly position and led her gently home. Then, when Miss Van Anden's wild psalm, that rang out in such joyous numbers, was finished, he followed her out under the starlight, and said:

"I have come to say 'good-by.' I shall leave here to-morrow; and by the time I return, you will be gone."

It sounded like a stern dismissal, and as such it was intended; but Portia Van Anden saw the love-light in his eyes, and, in a voice that quivered with sudden agony, asked him,

"Why must I go?"

"So that I may learn to forget you, and gather strength to repair the mischief I have done."

"But tell me first, tell me—"

"No, I will not."

But Miss Van Anden has the answer she craves, in the clasp that leaves its mark upon her crushed hands.

Then she fled to her own room; and while the soft hours of the summer night wore themselves out, a wretched woman paced up and down the narrow limits of that shabby chamber. The moonlight gleamed on her white robe with a ghostly light, and her long black hair hung like a veil of mourning around her. All night long she searches for a way out of the darkness that encompasses her.

At last one thought, so impossible that, despite her misery, it makes her smile, flashes across her mind. But she will try. She will not yield her one chance of happiness, her only hope of heaven, without a struggle. Then she falls upon her knees; but no prayer comes from her lips, only the words, "Horace, my own, I can not lose you."

In the morning Miss Van Anden is leaning over the pale little school-mistress, who reclines in the only easy-chair the house possesses. Inwardly the proud heart is asking if this insignificant girl shall stand between her and her love. But the question is a vain one. Portia knows that Hattie Melvin's affection and Horace Weston's sense of what is right and honorable have formed a barrier as insurmountable as was the two-edged sword that shut out Eve from Paradise.

"Mrs. Weston," calls the young lady, after a prolonged gaze at the drooping girl, "this child is sick, or will be so if something is not done for her. Suppose I were to take her away from that crowd of young ruffians, who exhaust her strength before she has taught them any thing whatever, and take her to my home. I have a home, you know, although I have never told you any thing about it."

The plan is soon arranged; and just as September is hunting up his pigments of gold and crimson to paint the trees, the two girls turn their backs upon the old farm-house. Old Josiah looks after them, and says, "That dark girl is a fine woman, but little Hattie is 'most too frail for this rough world."

In the mean time the railroad is carrying the two travelers quickly toward New York, and Miss Van Anden is drawing a world of information from Hattie Melvin's loquacious little lips. She hears of the terrible struggle with poverty in the home they have left, of the old couple's fond ambition to make their son a clergyman, the self-denial and industry that had supplied the money in the beginning, and then, when the exhausted land had ceased to yield so plentifully, how it had been mortgaged, without Horace's knowledge, so that the funds necessary to complete his education might be forth-coming. Now for a year every thing had been going behind. The rain had fallen on the hay; the crops had failed; some of the cattle had died. The interest on the mortgage could not be paid, and in November it would be foreclosed, and they would all be driven from the farm.

Then the little school-mistress went on with her simple story of Horace's cleverness and goodness—how he had helped her with that terrible Latin, and assisted her in learning how to teach those dreadful boys. He was the only one who had ever been kind to her, with the exception of the dear old people, and Horace was "the best, the dearest, the noblest man in the world."

"Do you and Horace love each other?" asks Miss Van Anden, with a tightening sensation at her throat that makes it almost impossible to articulate the words.

"I love him very dearly," is the gentle reply, "but I do not think he cares much about me. He could not, you know, after you came. You see, I am such a goose, and Horace should have a wife like himself—noble and intellectual and beautiful. But it makes me feel very lonely, and that was why you found me crying that day in the orchard."

"Ah!" thinks Miss Van Anden, "I am not worthy to be among these people, all so ready to sacrifice themselves for each other." Then she lays the little head on her bosom, and the blue eyes sleep until the iron horse drags them into the heart of the city of New York, where, obedient to a telegram, they are met by a stately carriage that takes them to the hospitable doors of the Van Anden mansion.

"Where am I—where am I?" asks the astonished little school-mistress, as she is led through marble halls and up velvet-covered staircases to the great room she is to occupy.

"In a fairy palace, and I am your captor and jailer."

"But what brought you to New England, Miss Van Anden?"

"I wanted the hills, child, the hills— But, no, you can't understand; how should you?" And Miss Van Anden leaves her, to write a letter that consists of a single line—"Breakfast with me at ten in the morning."

When little Hattie Melvin opens her eyes, at least four hours after daylight, she finds Portia at her bedside, with a young woman behind her bearing a load of fleecy white garments in her arms.

"Now, my small captive, the next thing on the list is breakfast, and here is the wedding garment without which you are forbidden to appear at the feast." And Miss Van Anden disappears to greet Archie Westervelt in the drawing-room.

"What is it, Portia? Where have you been, and what have you been about?"

"Executing your commission, young man. Do you remember I promised three months ago to find you a wife?"

"Have you really done me the honor to think about me in my absence?"

"Contrary to all precedent, yes. I have been to the hills, Archie— But, no, you couldn't understand, either. I went, any way, and while I was there I found a lovely white lily, and I have brought it home with me for you to win and wear."

At this moment there is a vision in the doorway, all shimmering curls and clinging lace and golden hair.

And now I have no time to tell of the snares laid by the wily Portia, upon whose shoulders might well have fallen the mantle of her namesake who so dextrously entrapped the old Jew. Soon Archie Westervelt began to find there was no pleasure in life like watching the delight and wonder expressed in a pair of blue eyes, as he led them about among the marvelous sights and scenes of old New York. And soon little Hattie Melvin forgot there were such things in the world as uproarious school-boys and Latin verbs, and at the same time the recollection of the grave young student who helped her to struggle with them paled also.

One day there was a love tale poured into Miss Van Anden's sympathetic ears by two infatuated young people; and when Archie Westervelt began to excuse his fickleness to his old love, his nervous system received a shock by being kissed just in the middle of his forehead, while Miss Van Anden's strong hands seized his, and her rich voice exclaimed,

"God bless you, Archie! God bless you!"

Then little Hattie Melvin began to plead with the princess for permission to write to the Westons—a thing that she had been strictly forbidden to do since her introduction into the great house.

"But let me send them some money. You or Archie will give me some, I know. And that dreadful mortgage must be paid on the 26th of November, or—"

But Miss Van Anden will not hear that "or." She refuses her captive the money, and forbids her to write a line. All her energies seem to be concentrated on the preparations that are being made for the great wedding at St. Thomas's that is to take place in the middle of October. Even when the little bride starts upon her wedding tour, her benefactress will not yield. She is commanded in the most positive terms not to communicate by word or letter with the family at the farm-house.

But when November winds begin to whistle among the trees and strip them of their gaudy livery, and old Winter sends threatening reminders in the way of stormy gusts of sleet and snow that last but a moment and are gone, then Miss

Van Anden sends for the month-old bride and tells her to telegraph to the foot of old Monadnock for Sukey. And Sukey, who would not have stirred hand or foot at the command of Jacob Van Anden's heiress, comes at little Hattie Melvin's call. But Sukey's wrath grows very hot when she learns she has only been sent for to cook a Thanksgiving dinner, and she sniffs with awful disdain at the ornaments of Miss Van Anden's drawing-room. Now Sukey is "nobody's nigger," and she "ain't goin' to cook for no city folks, who put on airs and act as if a decent young woman who comes in now and then to 'help' was the dirt under their feet." Then little Hattie Westervelt, *née* Melvin, explains who the guests are to be, and Sukey's temper is appeased.

Once more a telegram goes to New England from the little bride, signed with her maiden name, for Portia knows that no appeal from herself could bring Horace Weston to her side.

Thus it is that when the churches are pouring their crowd of grateful worshipers into the streets on the great day of national thanksgiving, a bowed old man, with his care-worn wife upon his arm, and a grave young clergyman mount the steps of the Van Anden dwelling.

Then they are ushered into the drawing-room, where a blue-eyed woman tells a sort of fairy tale of peace and plenty and happiness. And further on in the library, whither Horace's steps are soon directed, stands the mistress of the mansion, waiting to receive the crowning glory of her life, the blessed assurance of "a good man's love."

But every body knows that, like the bride at a wedding or the corpse at a funeral, the principal feature of Thanksgiving-day is the turkey, and Sukey has charge of him. There have been frightful rows in the Van Anden kitchen; but here stands the feast. And just at present there is a terrible altercation going on between the New England maiden and Yellow-legs, because the latter has ventured to suggest that the pie should not go on the table with the meats.

As soon as the trembling hands of the old couple have been laid in blessing upon the fair head of their future daughter, the feasting begins. And old Josiah Weston eats his turkey and pumpkin pie and drinks his cider from dishes and glasses any half dozen of which would have paid off the mortgage on the farm; and Sukey sits down with the family, "just to show that beast with buttons who's who."

Then they adjourn to the drawing-room, and when the hour for evening prayer arrives, Portia finds one place for Horace in the great prayer-book that contains the liturgy of the old Church. And as he reads, "We thank Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life," a soft hand steals into his, and Miss Van Anden's sweet lips respond, "Amen!"

The old people fall asleep in their arm-chairs by Portia's hearth, and the great shadow of care seems lifted from their hearts, and peace rests on the care-worn faces. Mrs. Hattie Westervelt perches herself upon her husband's knee and whispers, "What an awful plot she laid, Archie, to get rid of me!" And, arm in arm, Portia escorts her prince around the great house to show him his kingdom.

"'Know any thing about it, my dear?'" reply the Taylors to Celia Minturn, two months afterward. "Of course we do—*all* about it. You see, she was after Archie Westervelt seven years, and couldn't get him. And when he finally took a fancy to that little blue-eyed girl he married, Miss Van Anden was in such an awful way for fear society would know how she felt that she got her to come to her house and be married from there. Then, within two months, she engaged herself to that young parson from down East somewhere. They say she has had a frightful time of it ever since. One thing is certain—he has made her give up the New York house, and half the money is gone to build an orphan asylum."

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EMBARRASSING INTERVIEW.

OLD Mr. Seton got out of his little brougham at Mrs. Meredith's door. He was a wealthy old man, of whom nobody knew very much, except that he had made his money in India, and that he lived in cozy bachelor chambers, with every thing extremely comfortable about him, and knew every body, and was fond of good things, the pleasures of the table, as old-fashioned people said, and, indeed, all other pleasures within the reach of a respectable old person of sixty-five. He kept a neat little brougham, and occasionally mounted a strong, steady cob, with a coat like satin, looking much better fed than his master did, who was always a meagre old gentleman, notwithstanding his good living. Mr. Seton was the confidential friend of the absent Mr. Meredith, whom nobody, not even his own children, knew. As he had advanced in prosperity, it was through old Seton's hands that his family were allowed to share the advantage of his increasing income, and the boys had learned to know that it was he who reported concerning them to their father, and received communications from their tutors. The unknown Mr. Meredith did nothing to discredit his wife; but he kept this constant check over her. It had often been galling enough to her; but she was a sweet-tempered woman, used to accepting the evil with the good, and she had wisely put up with the curb. She disarmed Mr. Seton by her gentleness and sweetness, by throwing her house open to him, and inviting the scrutiny which she might have defied had she been of a different disposition. Seton had not been unworthy of the confidence placed in him. He had kept up a certain appearance of investigation. All their lives long the boys had been accustomed to connect his appearance with a lecture of more than usual seriousness from their mother; but she had the good sense never to say any thing to connect the old man's name with the reprimand or warning. All that she said was, "Your father will not like to hear that you are idle, disobedient, unruly," as the case might be; therefore it was not from her they learned that Seton meant special scrutiny and fault-finding. But since they had been grown up Oswald and Edward had themselves supplied the thread of connection. Even this, however, had not made them dislike their old friend. At one moment of especial wickedness Oswald, indeed, had designated their father's deputy as the spy; but this was simply a spark of malicious boyhood, struck out in some moment of resentment, and did not permanently affect their minds, though the title lasted. To see him arrive at that hour in the morning was alarming in itself to Mrs. Meredith. She met him with her usual kind smile, but with an earnest look of inquiry.

"Is any thing the matter?" she said.

"Send the boy away," said Mr. Seton, in an under-tone.

It was Edward who was in the room, and his mother found a commission for him with tremulous haste; for the distant Meredith was not always reasonable in his requirements, and of late had written impatiently about the coming out of one of his sons—a calamity which their mother with all her might was endeavoring to stave off and postpone. She thought her husband's friend must bring still more urgent orders, and her heart began to beat.

"I wish you would go and tell Cara that I hope she will come to the Sympsons with me this afternoon, Edward," she said.

And Edward, full of the thought of his brother's happiness, and loath yet eager to see if Cara was happy in this new development of affairs, obeyed reluctantly, but still with a secret alacrity. She was left alone with the mentor who had so often brought her advice or semi-reproof.

"You have something to tell me? Oh, Mr. Seton, what is it?" she said.

"It is nothing very bad. You must not be alarmed—there is no ill news," he said.

"Edward can not go till the settled time. You know that," she said, instinctively following the leading of her own thoughts.

"It is not Edward that I have come to speak of; it is neither of the boys."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh of involuntary relief; and she turned to him with cheerful ease and interest, delivered from her chief fear. This evident ignorance of any other cause for animadversion moved the old Spy in spite of himself.

"What I am going to say to you, my dear lady, is not exactly from Meredith, though he has heard of the subject, and wishes me to say something. I hope you will believe there is no harm meant, and that what I do, I do from the best feeling."

"I have never doubted your kind feeling, Mr. Seton; but you half frighten me," she said, with a smile. "If it is not the boys, what can there be to be so grave about? Tell me quickly, please."

Mr. Seton cleared his throat. He put his hat upon the head of his cane and twirled it about. It did not often happen to the old Scotch nabob to be embarrassed, but he was so now.

"You'll understand, my dear lady, that in what I say I'm solely actuated by the thought of your good."

"How you alarm me!" said Mrs. Meredith. "It is something, then, very disagreeable?"

"Oh yes. I've no doubt it will be disagreeable. Medicines are seldom sweet to the palate. Mrs. Meredith, I will out with it at once, not to keep you in suspense."

"What have I done?" cried Mrs. Meredith, half frightened, half laughing. "I must have made some mistake, or you would not speak so."

"I doubt if it could be called a mistake; perhaps it would be better to say a misapprehension. Mrs. Meredith, there is one of your friends who pays you a visit every day."

"Several," she said, relieved. "You know how kind people are to me. Instead of supervision, as you say, I get a great deal of sympathy—"

Mr. Seton waved his hand, as if to ward off her explanation. "I am speaking of one person," he said: "a man, who is here every evening of his life, or I'm mistaken—your neighbor, Mr. Beresford, next door."

"Mr. Beresford!" she said, with a thrill of disagreeable surprise; and there came to her instantaneously one of those sudden realizations of things that might be thought or said, such as sometimes overwhelm the unsuspecting soul at the most inappropriate moment; her color rose in spite of herself.

"Just Mr. Beresford. He means no harm and you mean no harm; but he should be put a stop to, my dear lady. You gave me your word you would not be angry. But, madam, you're a married lady, and your husband is at a distance. It's not for your credit or his good that he should visit you every night."

"Mr. Seton! Stop, please! I can not let you talk so—or any one."

"But you must, my dear lady, unless you want every body to talk, and in a very different spirit. The world is a wicked world, and takes many things into its head. You're a very attractive woman still, though you're no longer in your first youth."

"Mr. Seton, what you say is very disagreeable to me," said Mrs. Meredith, offended. "Poor Mr. Beresford! Since he lost his wife he has been miserable. Nobody ever mourned for another more truly; and now, when he is trying to learn a little resignation, a little patience—"

"He should not have those virtues, madam, at your expense."

"At my expense!" she said, with sparkling eyes. "At what expense to me? I allow him to come and sit with me when he has no one at home to bear him company. I allow him—"

"I thought his daughter had come to keep him company."

"Poor Cara! She is a sweet child; but, at seventeen, what can she know of his troubles?"

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Seton; "one plea is enough at a time. If Mr. Beresford is without a companion, it does not matter that his daughter is only seventeen; and whatever her age may be, if she is there he can not be without companionship. My dear lady, be reasonable. If he has a child grown up, or nearly so, he should stay at home. A great many of us have not even that inducement," said the old man, who was an old bachelor; "but no kind lady opens her doors to us." He looked at her sharply with his keen eyes, and she felt, with intense annoyance, that she was getting agitated and excited in spite of herself.

"Mr. Seton," she said, with some dignity, "if any one has been misrepresenting my friendship for Mr. Beresford, I can not help that. It is wicked as well as unkind, for I think I have been of use to him. I think I have helped him to see that he can not abandon his life. I don't mean to defend myself. I have not done any thing to be found fault with; friendship—"

"Is a delusion," said the old man. "Friendship between a man and a woman! There is no sense in it. I don't believe a word of it. Meaning no harm to you, my dear lady. You don't mean any harm; but if you talk to me of friendship—"

"Then I had better say nothing," she answered, quickly. "My husband's representative—if you call yourself so—has no right to treat me with rudeness. I have nothing more to say."

"My dear lady," said old Mr. Seton, "if I have appeared rude I am unpardonable. But you'll forgive me? I mean nothing but your good. And all I want is a little prudence—the ordinary preservatives."

"I will none of them," she said, with a flush of indignation. "I have nothing to be afraid of, and I will not pretend to be prudent, as you call it. Let the world think or say what it pleases—it is nothing to me."

Then there was a pause, and Mrs. Meredith betook herself to her work—a woman's safety-valve—and labored as if for a wager, while the old plenipotentiary sat opposite to her, confounded and absorbed, as she thought. But Mr. Seton was too old and experienced to be much abashed by any thing. He sat silent, collecting his forces for a renewed attack.

"I have made a mistake," said the hypocritical old man. "It can do no harm to you, all that has come and gone. I was thinking of my own selfish kind that give most weight to what affects themselves, and I am rightly punished. A lady *sans reproche* like yourself may well be *sans peur*. But that is not the whole question, my dear madam. There is the man to be considered."

When he said this she raised her eyes, which had been fixed on her work, and looked at him with some anxiety, which was so much gained.

"You will not doubt my word when I say there's a great difference between men and women," said the old diplomatist. "What is innocent for one is often very dangerous for the other, and *vice versa*: you will not deny that."

She did not make any reply, but continued to look at him. Her attention at last was secured.

"If I were to tell you the instances of this that have come under my own observation! I have known a poor creature who got much kindness in a house on account of his defects and deficiencies, and because every body was sorry for him, who gave it out, if you'll believe me, and really thought, that what his kind friends wanted was to marry him to the daughter of the house. It's not uncommon, and I dare say, without going further, that you can remember things that perhaps you laughed at."

"All this has nothing to do with Mr. Beresford," she said, quietly, but with a flush of rising offense.

"No—no." He made a hesitating answer, and looked at her. Mrs. Meredith fell into the snare.

"If he has misunderstood my sympathy for his troubles, if he has ventured to suppose—"

"Cara has gone out with her aunt," said Edward, coming in hastily; "but there is really something wrong in the house. Mr. Beresford called me into his room, looking very much distressed. He told me to tell you that he thought of leaving home directly, then changed his mind, and said I was not to tell you."

"Why *do* you tell me, then?" cried his mother, with impatience. "What is it to me where he is going? Am I always to be worried with other people's troubles? I think I have plenty of my own without that."

Edward looked at her with great surprise. Such outbreaks of infatuation from his gentle mother were almost unknown to him. "He looks very ill," he said, "very much disturbed: something must have happened. Why should not I tell you? Are you not interested in our old friend? Then something very extraordinary has happened, I suppose."

"Oh, my boy," cried Mrs. Meredith, in her excitement, "that is what Mr. Seton has come about! He says poor James Beresford comes too often here. He says I am too kind to him, and that people will talk, and he himself thinks— Ah!" she cried, suddenly, "what am I saying to the boy?"

Edward went up to her hurriedly and put his arm round her, and thus standing, looked round defiant at the meddler. Oswald, too, entered the room at this moment. The hour for luncheon approached, and naturally called these young men, still in the first bloom of their fine natural appetites, from all corners of the house. "What's the matter?" he said. But he had another verse of his poem in his head, which he was in great haste to write down, and he crossed over to the writing-table in the back drawing-room, and did not wait for any reply. Edward, on the contrary, put the white shield of his own youthfulness at once in front of his mother, and indignant met the foe.

"People have talked a long time, I suppose," said Edward, "that there was nobody so kind as my mother, and I suppose because you have trained us, mamma, we don't understand what it means to be too kind. You do, Sir," cried the young man, with generous impertinence; "you think it is possible to be too innocent—too good."

"Yes, you young idiot!" cried the old man, jumping up in a momentary fury. Then he cooled down, and reseated himself with a laugh. "There is the bell for lunch," he said; "and I don't mean to be cheated out of the luncheon, which, of course, you will give me, by the freaks of these puppies of yours, madam. But Oswald is a philosopher; he takes it easy," he added, looking keenly at the placid indifference of the elder son.

"Oswald takes every thing easy," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh. And they went down stairs to luncheon, and no man could have been more cheerful, more agreeable, than the old Indian. He told them a hundred stories, and paid Mrs. Meredith at least a score of compliments. "This indulgence will put it out of my power to be at your levee this afternoon," he said; "but there will be plenty of worshipers without me. I think the neglected women in this town—and no doubt there's many—should bring a prosecution against ladies like you, Mrs. Meredith, that charm more than your share; and both sexes alike, men and women. I hear but one chorus, 'There's nobody so delightful as Mrs. Meredith,' wherever I go."

"We are all proud of your approbation," said Oswald, with much solemnity: he was always light-hearted, and had no desire to inquire particularly into the commotion of which he had been a witness. But Edward kept his eyes upon his mother, who was pale with the excitement she had come through. What that excitement meant, the young man had very little idea. Something had disturbed her, which was enough for her son; and, curiously enough, something had disturbed the neighbors too, whom Edward accepted without criticism as we accept people whom we have known all our lives. He was curious, and rather anxious, wondering what it might be.

But as for Mrs. Meredith, the idea of communicating to her sons even the suggestion that she would be spoken of with levity, or criticised as a woman, appalled her when she thought of it. She had cried out, appealing to the boys in her agitation, but the moment after felt that she could bear any thing rather than make them aware that any one had ventured upon a word to her on such subjects. She exerted herself to be as vivacious as her visitor; and as vivacity was not in her way, the little forced gayety of her manner attracted the attention of her sons more than the greatest seriousness would have done. Even Oswald was roused to observe this curious change. "What has happened?" he said to his brother. He thought the Spy had been finding fault with the expenditure of the household, and thought with alarm of his own bills, which had a way of coming upon him as a surprise when he least expected them. It was almost the only thing that could have roused him to interest, for Oswald felt the things that affected Oswald to be of more importance than any thing else could be. As for Edward, he awaited somewhat tremulously the disclosure which he expected after Mr. Seton's departure. But Mrs. Meredith avoided both of them in the commotion of her feelings. She shut herself up into her own room to ponder the question, and, as was natural, her proud impulse of resistance yielded to reflection. Her heart ached a good deal for poor Beresford, a little for herself. She too would miss something. Something would be gone out of her life which was good and pleasant. Her heart gave a little throb, a sudden ache came into her being. Was there harm in it? she asked herself, aghast. Altogether the day was not a pleasant one for Mrs. Meredith. It seemed to plunge her back into those agitations of youth from which surely middle age ought to deliver a woman. It wronged her in her own eyes, making even her generous temper a shame to her. Had she been too good? as he said—too kind? an accusation which is hurtful, and means something like insult to a woman, though to no other creature. Too kind! No expression of contempt, no insinuated slander, can be more stinging than this imputation of having been too kind. Had she been too kind to her sorrowful neighbor? Had she led him to believe that her kindness was something more than kindness? She, whose special distinction it was to be kind, whose daily court was established on no other foundation, whose kindness was the breath of her nostrils—was this quality, of which she had come to be modestly conscious, and of which, perhaps, she was a little proud, to be the instrument of her humiliation? She was not a happy wife, nor, indeed, a wife at all, except in distant and not very pleasant recollection, and in the fact that she had a watchful husband, at the end of the world, keeping guard over her. Was it possible that she had given occasion for his interference—laid herself open to his scorn? It seemed to the poor woman as if heaven and earth had leagued against her. Too kind; suspected by the jealous man who watched her; despised by the ungrateful man by whom her tender generosity had been misinterpreted. She sent down a message to Cara that she was not going out. She sent word to her visitors that she had a headache. She saw nobody all day long. Too kind! The accusation stung in the tenderest point, and was more than she could bear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE ITINERANT BARBERS.—[See Page 1022.]

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